WILD WINGS—The Thrilling Love Story of One Mad Fligh

By BOGART ROGERS AND FRANK M. DAZEY

AUG. 4,
1934

Liberty

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WHY ROOSEVELT GOES TO HAWAII *by* Upton Close

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My dear Mr. Macfadden: — I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

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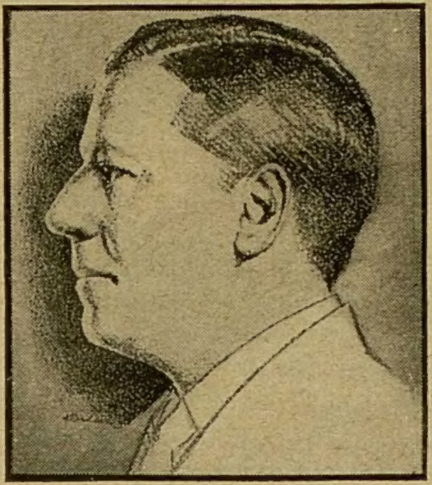
Are the Philippines a Military Weakness?

YES—If We Are to Believe Geography and Common Sense, says

FRAZIER HUNT

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



MR. HUNT is a reporter who covers the whole planet; witness his new book, This Bewildered World, and his record as a war correspondent.

THE Japanese naval officer very graciously toasted my good health in warm *sake.* There is no host in the world comparable to a Japanese, and no evening more amusing than a geisha party in a Tokyo tea house.

" Put yourself in our position," this hospitable and very intelligent General Staff officer went on. " How would you feel if you were a Japanese subject and a rival Pacific power had a great and almost impregnable naval base on your flank and squarely across the route that led to your oil supply? "

A few months later in Manila an American naval officer pointed to a map of Asia on the wall in his study. " Look at that map," he said brusquely. " See that string of islands along the eastern coast of Asia. They stretch for more than two thousand miles, with the Kurile Islands in the north and Formosa and a handful of tiny islands to the south. They're all Japanese and they make a private lake of both the Japan Sea and the North China Sea. They guard all sea approaches to Siberia, Manchuria, Korea, and north and central China."

Then he pointed to the Philippines. " The United States has been here for thirty-five years. At the entrance to Manila Bay—right here—we've spent some twenty-five million dollars in making the fortresses of Corregidor, Drum, and Hayes probably the strongest forts in existence. All the fleets in the world could not get by these forts and into the bay, with the city of Manila twenty-six miles away, as long as the food supply on these forts held out. That would be a matter of at least six months. You can draw your own conclusions. All I want to say is that if we get out of Corregidor we had better get out and stay out of the western Pacific."

But that's hard to do in these days of trade wars, tariff fights, economic imperialism, " open doors," and nationalistic ambitions.

These key fortresses of ours lie 7,000 miles from San Francisco and 5,000 miles from Hawaii—but only *700 miles from Japan proper.* And from the southernmost point of Japanese Formosa to the northernmost land speck of the Philippines it is but fifteen miles.

Recently this situation has been changed by two important moves. The first was the granting of independence to the Philippines at the end of a ten-year period. This still needs the approval of the Philippine legislature, but apparently that is certain to be given by the time these lines are read. President Roosevelt announced at the time he signed the Independence Bill that the United States would at once begin to withdraw its troops from its army bases on the islands; the question of the great naval bases would be settled between the two countries when full independence came.

The second move is the building of the American navy to its full treaty strength. But this will take at least three years. At present the American fleet is actually only a little superior in tonnage to the Japanese fleet. And at the coming 1935 Naval Conference the Japanese are certain to make strong demands for full equality or at least a five-to-four ratio.

Now, no military or naval expert has the slightest doubt that Japan at the present time could capture and control from the land the city of Manila and the whole of Luzon Island within a few weeks after a declaration of war. *But Corregidor would hold out and bottle up Manila Bay as long as her food supply lasted.*

Imagine it. At once the cry would go up demanding that the United States navy rescue Manila and the beleaguered garrisons. To do this with even a fair chance of success would mean that America would have to prepare the greatest armada in the history of naval warfare. Besides the entire fighting fleet it would take scores of oil tankers, food and supply ships, repair ships, floating dry docks, transports—a half thousand vessels moved first to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and then on across 5,000 miles of dangerous waters to the protecting guns of Corregidor.

With our fighting fleet built to its maximum treaty strength this could probably be done. Even with Japan choosing her own time and place to attack, the superiority of American gunnery and the weight of armament should give us the victory. Then, based behind Corregidor, we would slowly strangle Japan to death. And when it was over we would take what was left back home, only a little wiser or saner and immeasurably worse off. It would be known ever after as the Fools' War.

BUT at present we hardly dare risk battle with the Japanese fleet on a battle sea of her own choosing. So it must be clear that the Philippines are a strategic weakness.

But why this endless talk of war? Hasn't the world learned its terrible lesson in full?

Unfortunately that is only partly true. The scramble for markets still marches us in the direction of awful doom. Japan would fain control the great future markets of Manchuria and north China.

Would we not be wise to get out and stay out of these zones of danger? Should we not give up the islands and our naval bases there?

Yes—but! Workmen in Pittsburgh and Chicago and Detroit need to be put to work—as well as workmen in Osaka and Kobe. And so the economic doors into Manchuria and China and the East must be kept open. And so trade wars start, and economic imperialism shows its fanged teeth.

In the beautiful islands a wise old Chinese merchant said to me, " You have—what you call him?—the bear by the tail. Maybe you cannot let go."

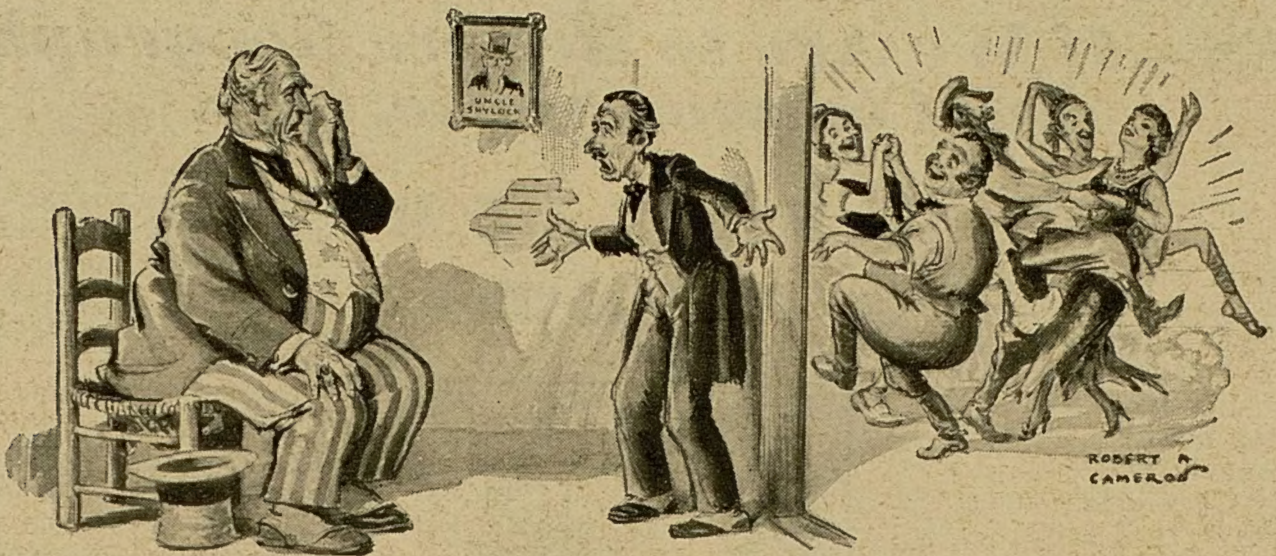
I rather think the fellow is right. How can you let loose of a bear's tail?

THE END

AUGUST 4, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 31

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

COLLECT OUR FOREIGN DEBTS—HERE'S HOW!



THIS country reminds the writer of a huge fat man with a world of hidden vitality—mighty strength stowed away within his big body.

But he is stupid and lazy. He lacks the intelligence to use the colossal power within his huge frame, and he just plods along, following the easiest route, adhering strictly to the path that has been pursued for generations.

We want to collect our foreign debts, and our attitude is, " Please, Mr. Foreigner, will you not give us some money on the debt you owe us? You are in honor bound to pay us this money. We loaned it to you at a time when you were severely suffering. There would have been chaos and ruin in your country if we had failed to help you."

And the leaders of these foreign countries assume a serious attitude, but underneath it all they are laughing at us. And their attitude is, " Why pay when we do not have to? "

In years gone by, when England was the greatest world power, she knew how to collect her debts. Warships would be sent to the debtor nation and mighty guns would be aimed at one of its great cities. This procedure was always effective.

We know that the various foreign countries that owe us money can pay their indebtedness if they so desire.

At least they can show an inclination to acknowledge this indebtedness.

We have the colossal force, the means to collect these debts, right at hand. All we need is the intelligence and the determination to act with precision and courage.

We have the money to build an air and naval force that could destroy the combined fleets of the world. A hundred or more airplane carriers with ten thousand or more bombing airships, and a few hundred battleships if needed—the mere building of such a warlike force would take the fight out of every foreign nation.

And we hear so much talk about foreign complications—Keep away from foreign alignments, is the advice—and like simpletons we join in an agreement to restrict our fighting forces.

It is silly beyond all description. We have the power. Why not use it effectively? Why waddle around into foreign complications when we could strip for action with a colossal armament that would make every warlike nation return to peaceful pursuits? We could so far outstrip them, could have a force so much beyond theirs, that they would lose all interest in such preparations. And a small percentage of the money we have been spending in doles could just as well be spent for a mighty armament.

Why destroy the spirit of workers with charity when profitable employment necessary to defend the nation can be furnished them?

Suppose we were to equip an aërial navy of one hundred airplane carriers with ten thousand planes; and suppose we were to adopt Mussolini's plan, who sent his flying boats to visit us, and we should send ten of these airplane carriers with a thousand planes on a round-the-world cruise, visiting every important nation.

And suppose we were to make a demonstration in each of these countries of the devastating power of this aërial force by tearing up a mountain side or a section of arid land, or by the use of poison gas destroy all animal life in a wild uninhabited section of the country.

Do you think we would have any trouble collecting our debts from such a country after making such a demonstration?

Payments would come in automatically.

And to the peace advocates we say there is only one way of obtaining peace, and that is to enforce it—for one nation to be so powerful that it can compel all other nations to refrain from war.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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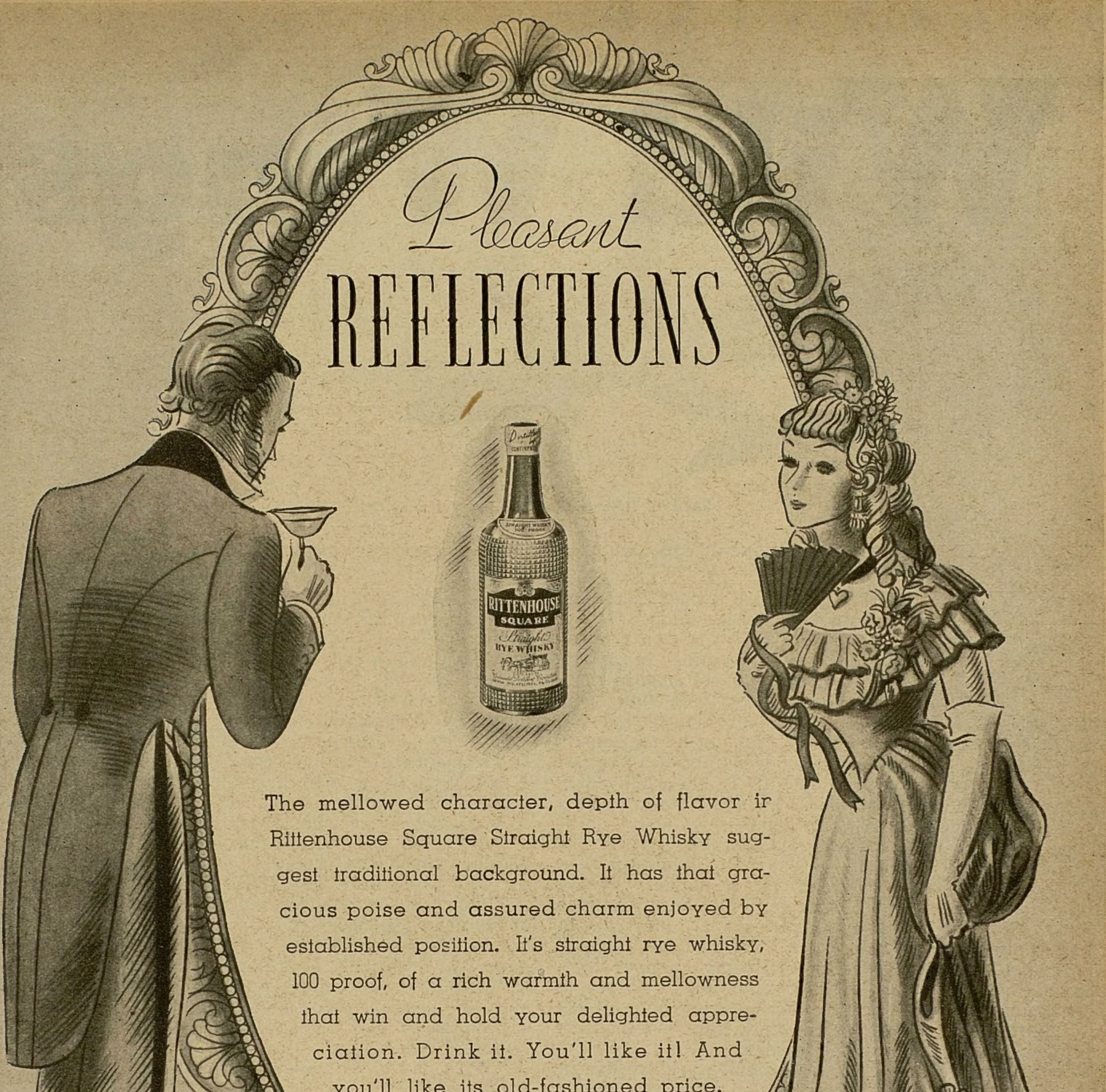

The mellowed character, depth of flavor in Rittenhouse Square Straight Rye Whisky suggest traditional background. It has that gracious poise and assured charm enjoyed by established position. It's straight rye whisky, 100 proof, of a rich warmth and mellowness that win and hold your delighted appreciation. Drink it. You'll like it! And you'll like its old-fashioned price.

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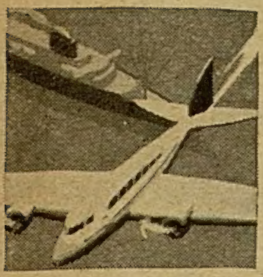
BEGINNING

Wild Wings

Romance
major

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

PART ONE—"YOU CAN'T DEPEND ON WEATHER OR WOMEN."



THIS all started in Salt Lake City with Jake Berger's dog.

His name is Rover. As near as any one can determine, he is the biological error of a Périgord truffle hound and a dog from Ohio. One night a couple of months ago, on Jake's front porch out by the Tabernacle, he was dreaming of a Pekingese he'd met in Provo when Jake, homeward bound, tripped over him in the dark, crashed into a pansy bed, and broke his arm.

The results were immediate and far-flung. First off, I promptly met Nemesis—a charming creature!—in Newark, New Jersey. Nemesis was a blonde. Twelve hours later found me in Wyoming struggling to repress an overwhelming urge to assassinate a nine-year-old child. Four hours thereafter, in Nevada, I was playing ring around the rosy with Public Enemy Number Two. Then six tranquil hours—during which only two people were injured—elapsed before I broke every bone in my silly right hand. Those are the high lights—numerous trifling incidents occurred in between.

All of which goes to show it's a small world we live in and that one man's destiny may depend on another man's proclivity for stepping on dogs. Why, at the very instant Jake fell in the Salt Lake pansy bed I was in a New York grog shoppe munching potato chips and enjoying the blessings of repeal with a man named Jones, who has nothing further to do with the story.

Before this all becomes too hopelessly involved—permit me:

My name is Jack Voler, pronounced like roller, bowler, or, if you're a dentist, molar. The police records in Cheyenne, where once I was incarcerated for socking the wrong man (the chief of police is *always* the wrong man), described me as five feet eleven, one hundred and seventy-two pounds, blue eyes, black hair. They also indicate I am old enough to know better but fail to mention an inherent tendency toward curious behavior in the presence of blondes.

I am an airplane pilot by profession and personal preference. My favorite hobby seems to be getting into idiotic situations and miraculously out of them again. I am a charter member of the consistently noisy order of Quiet Birdmen. I have flown various types of winged contraptions nearly a million miles. I am a Caterpillar, having once saved my life by parachute, which some people consider a black mark against parachutes. I am the only gent who ever flew due east from Cleveland for three hours and arrived in Chicago, a navigational phenomenon still unsolved.

That's the kind of a citizen I used to be—but it's all different now. From a long and painful metamorphosis I have emerged a devout disciple of the doctrine of safety first, last, and in between. Caution, calculation, and conservatism—that, boys and girls, is the Voler creed.

I am general handy man for Columbia Airlines—and have been since the first day operations started. Before that I flew several hectic years with the old Post Office Department mail. I had been at the Wichita factory for a month, running some flight tests on a new transport job. That assignment washed up, I high-tailed it for New York to learn what I was supposed to do next.

I found out when I called on Hap Waller. Hap is vice president in charge of operations and a very swell tomato.

"Allo-o-o-o there, Blue Eyes!" he boomed.

This was a sardonic reference to a humiliating episode of my dear dead past. I skipped it with:

"How's tricks, Horace?" Horace is his name and he hates it. Eventually I got down to cases.

"I suppose you've doped out something dirty, disagreeable, and dangerous for me to do next."

"Worse than that," said Hap. "You're going on a two-weeks vacation."

"With pay?" I inquired. I'm funny about pay.

Hap smirked. "With pay."

I maintained there must be a catch to it. Hap insisted he wouldn't lie to a pal. I finally believed him and was praising the beneficence of my employers when Hap's red-headed secretary—and not bad, either—came tripping in with a telegram. Hap slipped on the cheaters, perused it, muttered, "Fer cryin' out loud!"—or words to that effect.

The wire was from Maudie Berger, Jake's joy and comfort—a hundred-word saga of Jake's broken arm.

Hap looked thoughtfully at me. I looked away just in time to see my two-weeks vacation—with pay—fly out the window and vanish over the rooftops. Jake was number one pilot on the Salt Lake-San Francisco run. Hap said:

"That leaves us short-handed out there, Jack. Somebody's gotta take his place." He peered at me over the top of his spectacles.

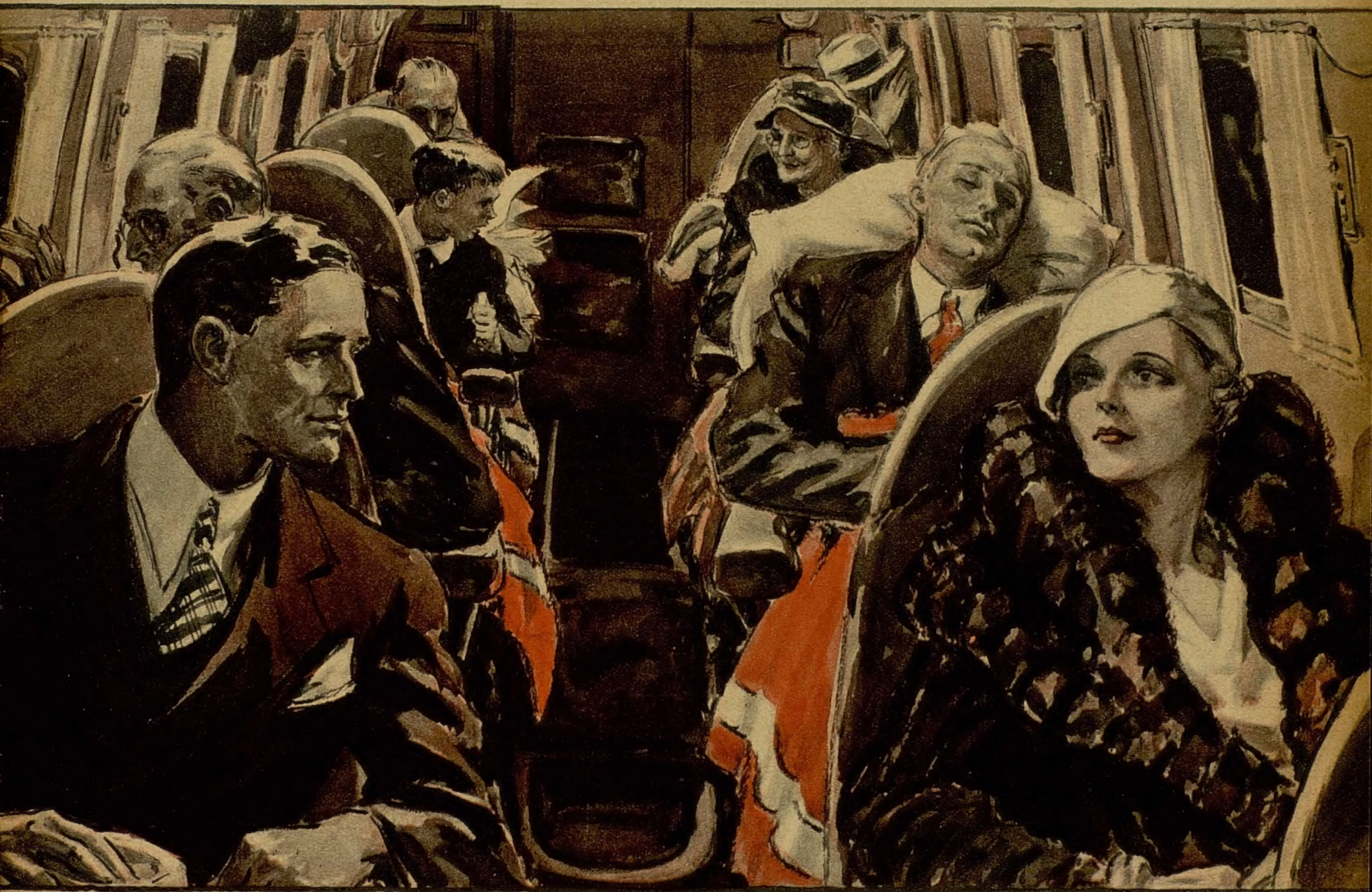
Rather than start a losing argument, I said:

"Don't cry, little girl. I'll buy your gol-derned violets."

Hap beamed. "Will you?" He'd have ordered me to, anyway—the rat!

"Why not? Going to Salt Lake'll give me a chance to

The Thrilling LOVE Story of One MAD FLIGHT



"You've been to Paris, haven't you?" She said, "Of course—" and I felt she wanted to add: "And what business is it of yours?"

by
Bogart Rogers and Frank M. Dazey

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD DENISON

look over some of the youngsters I put on out there this summer." Among other things I am chief pilot of the whole Columbia system—the old meanie who hires and fires and keeps the boys in line.

Hap said: "Aw, that's great." He tilted back in his chair, gazed reminiscently at the ceiling, and sighed prodigiously. "You know, I kinda envy you, Jack. We sure had fun out there in the old days, pal—Powell Street and the Willows in Reno and that telephone operator in the Riverside Hotel—remember her?"

He leaned forward suddenly. "And say—remember Trixie?"

I came to life also—and grinned.

"Me—do I remember Trixie! Don't be a chump!"

"Well—she's back."

"In San Francisco, you mean?"

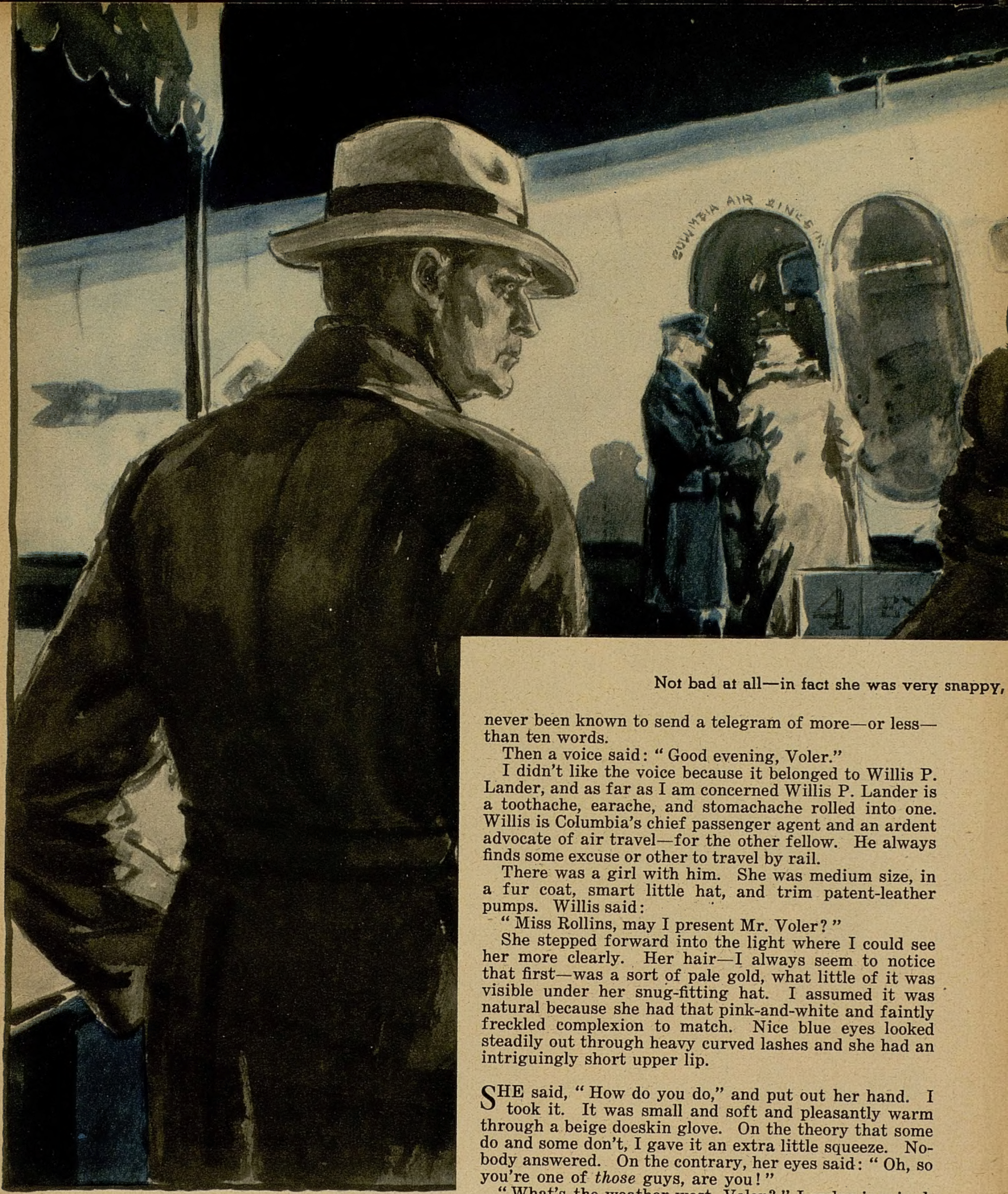
Hap nodded positively. "She found out that egg she went to Minneapolis to marry wasn't a millionaire after all."

He fumbled in his desk drawer, dug out a card and tossed it to me.

"Here's her new address."

Thirty seconds later I was writing a telegram asking Trixie to meet me for dinner the following night at eight o'clock in San Francisco.

We agreed I was to go out on the midnight plane, ride


COLUMBIA AIR LINES INC.

Not bad at all—in fact she was very snappy,

to Salt Lake as a passenger, then fly the regular run from there to San Francisco and carry on till Jake came back on the job.

"You can get some shut-eye going out, can't you?" Hap asked.

"I'll sleep like a baby from the Hackensack River to the Great Salt Lake," I assured him.

We both believed it then.

Twelve hours later I was at Newark Airport. A telegram from Trixie was waiting when I arrived. It read: WILL I BE THERE OR WILL I BE THERE LOVE. Trixie had never been known to send a telegram of more—or less—than ten words.

Then a voice said: "Good evening, Voler."

I didn't like the voice because it belonged to Willis P. Lander, and as far as I am concerned Willis P. Lander is a toothache, earache, and stomachache rolled into one. Willis is Columbia's chief passenger agent and an ardent advocate of air travel—for the other fellow. He always finds some excuse or other to travel by rail.

There was a girl with him. She was medium size, in a fur coat, smart little hat, and trim patent-leather pumps. Willis said:

"Miss Rollins, may I present Mr. Voler?"

She stepped forward into the light where I could see her more clearly. Her hair—I always seem to notice that first—was a sort of pale gold, what little of it was visible under her snug-fitting hat. I assumed it was natural because she had that pink-and-white and faintly freckled complexion to match. Nice blue eyes looked steadily out through heavy curved lashes and she had an intriguingly short upper lip.

SHE said, "How do you do," and put out her hand. I took it. It was small and soft and pleasantly warm through a beige doeskin glove. On the theory that some do and some don't, I gave it an extra little squeeze. Nobody answered. On the contrary, her eyes said: "Oh, so you're one of *those* guys, are you!"

"What's the weather west, Voler?" Lander inquired.

I said I didn't know but would find out.

Miss Rollins said: "I'd be grateful if you would."

I trotted into the dispatcher's office wondering if passengers were ever going to quit asking about the weather. It's silly because, good or bad, they can't change it.

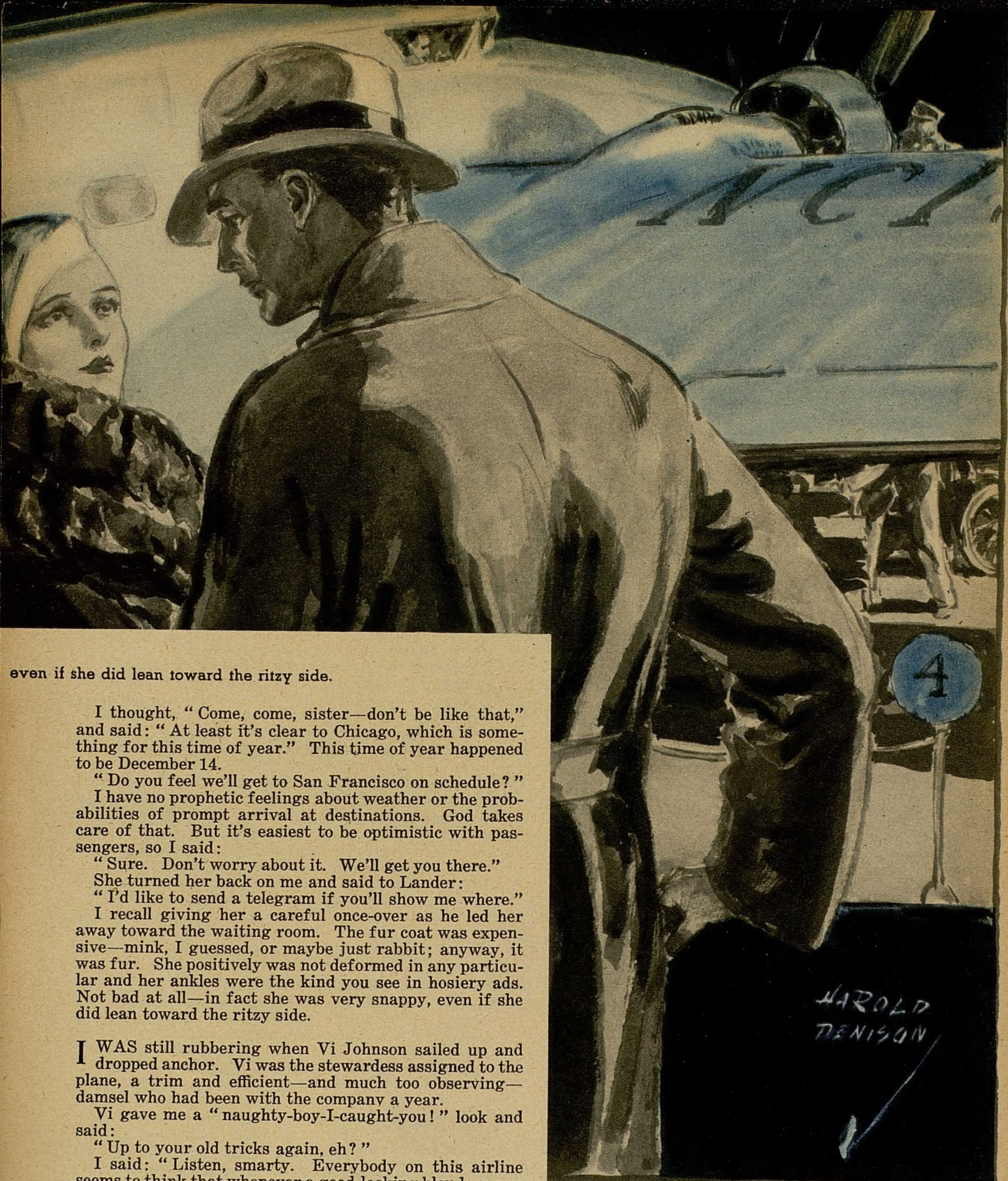
Excellent flying conditions prevailed to Chicago but there were no reports from Chicago west.

I went back and told Miss Rollins. She frowned impatiently.

"That isn't very definite, is it?"

I said, "You can't depend on weather or women."

She arched the brows. "Really?"



even if she did lean toward the ritzy side.

I thought, "Come, come, sister—don't be like that," and said: "At least it's clear to Chicago, which is something for this time of year." This time of year happened to be December 14.

"Do you feel we'll get to San Francisco on schedule?"

I have no prophetic feelings about weather or the probabilities of prompt arrival at destinations. God takes care of that. But it's easiest to be optimistic with passengers, so I said:

"Sure. Don't worry about it. We'll get you there."

She turned her back on me and said to Lander:

"I'd like to send a telegram if you'll show me where."

I recall giving her a careful once-over as he led her away toward the waiting room. The fur coat was expensive—mink, I guessed, or maybe just rabbit; anyway, it was fur. She positively was not deformed in any particular and her ankles were the kind you see in hosiery ads. Not bad at all—in fact she was very snappy, even if she did lean toward the ritzy side.

I WAS still rubbering when Vi Johnson sailed up and dropped anchor. Vi was the stewardess assigned to the plane, a trim and efficient—and much too observing—damsel who had been with the company a year.

Vi gave me a "naughty-boy-I-caught-you!" look and said:

"Up to your old tricks again, eh?"

I said: "Listen, smarty. Everybody on this airline seems to think that whenever a good-looking blonde comes along I'm supposed to rush up and bite her on the neck."

Vi's answer was: "Well, it *has* happened."

I blocked that one with my nose, because it *had* happened—in the long, long ago. I wondered who had told Vi about it.

"That was seven years ago—" I started lamely.

She grinned maliciously. "Well, you better not try it on Miss Rollins. She might hand you what she handed that Russian Count What's-His-Nameski in Paris."

A ray of light penetrated my pig-iron skull.

"She's not *that* Miss Rollins, is she?" I exclaimed.

Vi nodded. "Felice Rollins. Same girl—different hat."

The history of Felice Rollins, compiled from newspapers I'd read, was briefly this:

She had been the heiress to the Rollins fortune, which had dwindled from dollars to dimes. In Paris she had become engaged to a Count Stephani. He was one of those johnnies who wear spats and gardenias and are laughingly known as boulevardiers. Anyway, at a big party at the Café des Ambassadeurs he said something to her, or something happened, and, right in front of all the folks, she decorated his whiskers with a haymaker that started from the heels.

Society Belle Kayos Nobleman—in large front-page headlines. One paper said she knocked out three of his teeth. Another said it was only his bridgework. The tabloids played it big. The engagement was off, of course. Russian counts are very fussy about their bridgework.

I said to Vi: " I've always wanted to meet one of those dolls."

" Don't kid yourself. She hates men. I read where she said so in an interview in Europe."

I said: " That was before she met me."

Vi said: " Well, if they pay off on egotism you're practically married to the girl."

As she went aboard to check her lunches, coffee bottles, and supplies, Fat Rickhauser came shambling out of the dispatcher's office. His radio-earphones and overnight bag were dangling from one hand, his automatic strapped to his waist. Every pilot who carries the mail totes a cannon. My salutation was:

" Hello, Baldy." Besides a tendency to embonpoint, Fat's hair is steadily migrating from his scalp to his coat collar.

His answer was not for the kiddies to hear. Then he asked about Jake Berger's arm. I recounted the details. Fat chuckled sardonically. " At his age he ought to know better'n to trust a front porch. I nearly had to marry a girl once on account of a front porch."

The Midnight Transcontinental takes off at twelve. Five minutes before the hour the passenger bus from New York pulled up in the driveway. Five people got out: three men, an elderly woman, and a little boy. The cutest little boy—if you like nine-year-old kids in light-cream trousers, Eton jackets, and derby hats.

The creature who had him in tow wore gray gloves, gray spats, gray topcoat, and a thin gray smile. He was too prim and proper for words. To my surprise he inquired for me by name, then:

" I am Mr. Percival, Egbert's tutor."

I bowed politely and said: " Chawmed."

Dear old Perce said: " Thanks veddy much "—then affixed me with a stern gray eye. " Of course you understand it is imperative Egbert arrive in San Francisco precisely on schedule."

I didn't argue or even show my annoyance. You get hardened to people who want to arrive on schedule.

" If Sonny Boy isn't there by tomorrow night "—his head wagged lugubriously—" well, I shudder to think of the consequences."

I asked what he thought the consequences *would* be.

" Mr. Windt will be simply furious, of course," he explained. " And Mrs. Windt will have him cited for contempt of court and probably sue for a million dollars. She always has in the past."

" Sue the airline? "

" No, no—sue Mr. Windt."

BY adroit questioning I gathered that the Windt *mère* and *père* were at matrimonial loggerheads. They shared Egbert, alias Sonny Boy, the solitary issue of happier days, fifty-fifty—six months wit' de momma and six months wit' de poppa, so to speak. Mr. Windt, a busy business tycoon, was forever getting dates mixed and delivering Egbert behind schedule, thereby raising Mrs. Windt's dander no little. Then Mr. Percival delivered a facer. He declared I was to be personally responsible for Egbert all the way to San Francisco. It had been arranged with Hap Waller.

" Aren't you going with him? " I asked.

Percival looked at me triumphantly. " No; I am remaining here."

He seemed on the verge of loud rousing cheers. He turned to look for Egbert—which calls for a brief explanation of Egbert's whereabouts. In every Columbia Airlines station from coast to coast is a nickel-in-the-slot candy machine. Among the gastronomic atrocities these mechanical venders offer are Peanut Patty Cakes and Coconut Love Smacks.

Egbert was taking nickels from his pocket, stuffing them into the machine, stuffing the emerging sugarplums into his pockets.

Mr. Percival called: " Egbert, come here, please."

Egbert downed half a Love Smack at a gulp and obediently joined us.

" This is Mr. Voler, Egbert—the gentleman who will have you in charge."

Egbert, with disarming innocence, extended the right hand of good-fellowship. From out of nowhere a jet of water shot up my nostrils, closed both my eyes. I squinted out through one dripping eyelid. Egbert had fired from the hip with unerring aim. The weapon was still in his left hand—one of those pesky little water pistols.

I tried to grin it off. I could have wrung the brat's neck. Mr. Percival exclaimed: " Now, now, Egbert! You promised me—" He reached for the pistol but thought better of it. Egbert had the drop on him.

FAT RICKHAUSER started the motors, which sputtered at first, then settled into a sotto voce rumble. The colored porter, who had been stowing baggage in the rear compartment, opened the loading-chute gates. The passengers began to file through, Egbert in the van.

Next through the gate was a harried sort of gent who twitched periodically like a Mexican jumping bean and smelled like four quarts of gin. The small bag he carried gurgled pleasantly and I guessed another little drink wouldn't do him any harm—which was his tough luck, because if you try to bend the elbow on a Columbia plane the boys will separate you and your flagon—by force if necessary. The confined space of a transport cabin is no place for whoopee.

Vi said: " Name, please? "

" I'm Baggerly, Hugh B-B-B-Baggerly."

Vi surveyed the rest of his effects, which besides the gurgling bag included a portable typewriter, a briefcase, and a copy of every periodical on the Penn Station news stands. " I'm afraid you have more baggage than—"

" I've got two seats," he cut in—and displayed two tickets with an office memo pinned to them. He passed through.

The elderly woman was Mrs. Harkins—sweet and kindly and scared out of ten years' growth. Next man was medium and slender, distinctive and well dressed. I knew instantly I'd seen him before, but hadn't the vaguest idea where. He presented his ticket, said, " Palmer," and went aboard.

Willis Lander boosted Miss Rollins into the ship by hand, then said to me pompously: " Mind, now, Voler—I want you to make every effort to get Miss Rollins through on schedule "

The last pouches—late mail from the New York Post Office—disappeared into the nose compartment; the clerks locked it, rolled the loading platform away. Fat Rickhauser came out to sign his mail receipts and to pick up the latest weather report.

" Everybody aboard? " he asked.

Vi said: " One more somewhere."

Fat looked at his watch, and as he did so a black limousine drove up. A liveried chauffeur hopped out, opened the door, pulled out a Gladstone bag. A man followed, hurried to the gate, while the chauffeur surrendered the bag to the porter.

" I'm Dr. Evans," he said to Vi, searching his pockets for a ticket. " I just barely made it, didn't I? "

He was a sedate, intelligent-looking fellow—forty-five, maybe more. Slightly gray hair, prominent nose, forceful obstinate chin. Gold-rimmed pince-nez but an air of importance and dignity.

Vi hurried him aboard. Fat Rickhauser and I followed. She closed the cabin door, was about to lock it, when Harry Stone, the dispatcher, came running up waving a paper. I opened the door. Harry said: " Give this to Fat, will you? And it's to be passed from pilot to pilot all the way through."

(Continued on page twelve)

"Tom telephones us every Wednesday evening"

When summer separates the family, keep in touch by telephone. *Talking* is next best to *seeing*. Regular voice-visits are a quick and easy cure for loneliness. They're inexpensive, too. After 8:30 P.M., for example, station-to-station rates are about 35c for 75 miles; 50c for 150 miles; 75c for 275 miles. . . . Try it tonight.

"Hold the line, please!"

(Continued from page ten)

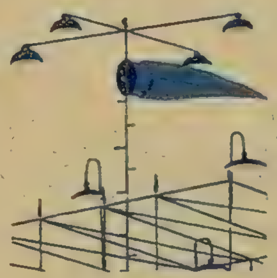
I read it walking forward. It was signed by Hap Waller and said:

“Accept and dispatch all messages to or from Dr. J. J. Evans.”

Fat grunted his surprise. “Big shot, huh?” he said and shot the plane into the air.

Only in exceptional cases and by specific order may the plane radios be used for personal messages.

I can always get a fair slant on people’s character and previous flying experience by watching them at the start of a trip. Egbert raced up and down the aisle like a demented squirrel—looking out of windows, tripping over toes and kicking shins without fear or favor.



Baggerly clutched the arms of his seat with a rigor-mortis grip and gazed out the window with a pop-eyed stare. Besides stuttering, he had a cute little habit of wriggling his nose like a rabbit.

Palmer, back of him, was cool as an arctic breeze—perfectly relaxed, perfectly calm. I’d have laid odds he had flown plenty and I tried my darnedest to place the man. No doubt of it—I’d seen him before.

Dr. Evans was a trifle uneasy at first. Then he settled down, turned on his individual seat light, and buried his nose in a nine-dollar book—Cerebral Surgery and Trepanning.

Mrs. Harkins was all in a dither. The dear old gal was trying desperately to enjoy this first flight of her life, but couldn’t down the thought that nothing more solid than two thousand feet of chilly ozone was between her and the hard, hard ground.

As for Miss Rollins, only her eyes and hat were visible, above her fur collar—and a cut-steel shoe buckle that protruded into the aisle. She appeared to have no feelings toward aërial buggy rides.

Vi was at her routine duties—cotton for those whose ears might suffer from altitude or noise, illustrated maps of the route, magazines, chewing gum. Then she brought the blankets from their locker off the washroom and dealt them out to the customers. Pillows too. Nobody wanted to sleep but Palmer. He wrapped himself up like a mummy, adjusted his seat to the reclining angle, and slipped off like a tired child.

Miss Rollins didn’t even give me a tumble when I passed her to join Vi in the rear, in the little corner between the food lockers and the washroom door.

Vi smiled impishly. “You don’t seem to be doing so well.”

I said: “This is only the preliminaries, my child. Before Jack Voler really starts anything he first feels his opponent out.”

“Mind your bridgework,” was Vi’s advice as I moved forward again.

THE seat opposite Miss Rollins was vacant. I moved into it. You could scarcely have fried an egg on the smile she gave me. Or even made toast.

“Everything all right?” I inquired.

“Yes, thanks.”

“This your first air trip?”

“No.”

“Ever fly at night before?”

“No.”

I guessed I’d have to play dirty and snap her out of it. I smiled as insinuatingly as I knew how and said:

“Not even in Paris?”

She looked at me for an uncomfortably long moment, then said sharply:

“No, not even in Paris.”

“You’ve been to Paris, haven’t you?”

She said, “Of course”—and I felt she wanted to add: “And what business is it of yours?”

Vi, who like every good stewardess keeps a close eye on her passengers, came to the rescue and drew me to the rear again.

Dr. Evans was engrossed in his book about people’s brains; but when I passed he rose and followed me.

“Is there any way to get out of this plane?” he asked.

“While flying, you mean?” His question puzzled me.

“Yes.”

I assured him there was no conceivable way for him to leave the ship without breaking his neck.

He thanked me and said: “I was merely curious.”

Then Palmer, who had apparently been asleep, wriggled to life and came back for a drink of water. He nodded casually and between swallows said:

“You don’t happen to know who that fellow up front is, do you? I’ve seen him somewhere before but I can’t place him.”

“You mean Mr. Baggerly?”

“Can’t tell by the name.”

I said: “Stick around and I’ll find out.”

“Don’t let him know that I’m asking,” Palmer said hastily.

I strolled down to Baggerly. His briefcase was open on the floor at his feet. On his knees was a yellow scratch pad. He was nervously eating a fat black pencil. I leaned down and asked, “Everything O. K.?” by way of launching the inquiry.

HE peered at me intently for several seconds. His nose twitched. Then, leaning forward:

“What would you d-do if your sister was an only child and she met a scoundrel who betrayed her? A g-gigolo or something—or maybe an Argentine. Anyway, then she kills him by accident—I don’t know how yet—this is before they’re married and the b-b-baby is b-b-born, b-b-but a lot of people think she murdered him, but when the b-b-baby is b-b-born—it’s a b-b-boy—he’s in the peculiar position of having p-p-people think his mother m-m-murdered his father.”

He settled back and regarded me solemnly, then added:

“No—I can see you d-d-don’t like it—and you’re right—absolutely right! Make a great novel, maybe—but it won’t d-d-do—won’t d-d-do at all!”

Further conversation revealed Mr. Baggerly to be a scenario writer. I reported that fact back to Palmer. He listened suspiciously, grunted out a “Hr-r-r-rump!” and returned to his seat.

We bumped gently and were on the ground at Cleveland. Fat taxied up to the hangar apron, cut the engines. Every one trooped out to stretch the legs and sniff a little fresh air. Palmer was the exception. He remained wrapped in his blanket. An odd cucumber, Mr. Palmer.

I went into the hangar to see if, by any chance, Pete Hollister was around. He owed me eighteen dollars from a poker game. He wasn’t around. Miss Rollins was waiting for me when I came outside again.

“Have you heard anything more on the weather?”

I told her it was still O. K. to Chicago—we’d get further reports when we reached there.

She made an impatient grimace. I decided a little cheerful kidding might do her no harm.

“Quit worrying about it. I said I’d get you through—and I will.”

That seemed to reassure her somewhat.

I said: “I take it you’re in a hurry.”

“Exactly. That’s why I’m flying.”

I said: “I’m anxious to get there on time myself.”

She offered no comment on that, so I continued:

“I’ve got a dinner date at the Palace at eight o’clock.”

Miss Rollins said: “How interesting.”

We stood there for a moment—with me staring at the border lights across the field, which twinkled in the pitchy darkness. The stars were brilliant and a faint night wind was distinctly wintry. It occurred to me that Miss Rollins was distinctly wintry too. I concluded she was probably going to San Francisco to sock some other gent in the teeth.

Dr. Evans was pacing up and down beside the plane. I had just joined him when Vi came out of the dispatcher’s office and handed him a telegram. He tore it open, scanned through it, then slowly tore it up into minute pieces and

(Continued on page fourteen)

When you wake up with a headache

It is not always something you ate or drank the night before. Too long a session at bridge or with the latest novel may also bring on that dull, throbbing pain. So many things can cause morning headache. That's why it is best to use a *balanced* relief—Bromo-Seltzer!

You'll like the way Bromo-Seltzer works . . . so quickly and effectively. If you drink it as it fizzes in the glass, the effervescence promptly relieves gas on the stomach. Before you know it, headache goes. At the same time, you are gently steadied. And the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are absorbed as alkali and aid in restoring your alkaline reserve (so necessary for freshness and well-being). In a short time, you feel like a different person from the headachey, tired-out individual you were on awakening.

A balanced preparation

Bromo-Seltzer is a balanced preparation of 5 medicinal ingredients. Each has a special purpose. No mere pain-killer is as effective. Moreover, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a liquid so it works much faster.

Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and *reliable.* It contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. For over 40 years it has been a standby for the relief of headache, neuralgia, "morning-after," and pain of nerve origin.

It is easy to mix a Bromo-Seltzer at home if you have a bottle in your medicine cabinet. Simply follow the directions. Or you can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at soda-fountains. Remember there is only one genuine "Bromo-Seltzer," so look for the *complete* name. Imitations are *not* the same balanced preparation—are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
FOR
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick **Pleasant** **Reliable**

(Continued from page twelve)

scattered them, little by little, to the wind. I wondered, sort of passively, why he destroyed the telegram so completely.

"No bad news, I hope?" I said.

"Not exactly," he said. "You see, I've been called to San Francisco for an operation—a very unusual and critical case."

"Brain surgery, I suppose?"

He looked at me quizzically.

"I noticed the book you were reading—the one about trepanning," I explained.

"Oh, yes—of course." He seemed to be quite relieved.

Every one else was aboard. We followed and Vi locked up. We took off for Chicago.

We were abreast of the flaming gas wells at Clarion before I got around to chatting with Vi again.

"Making any progress with the girl friend?" she inquired.

"A little," I said casually.

"Forget it, Jack. She won't give you a tumble."

That burned me. I said:

"Listen, Violet—just to prove how little you know about the facts of life, I'm going to take this Felice Rollins to dinner tonight in San Francisco—and send you the menu with her signature on it for proof."

Vi's expression was skeptical. "Tonight?"

I suddenly remembered about Trixie and changed it to: "Either tonight or tomorrow night."

Miss Rollins appeared to be asleep, so I returned to my seat and wondered if I'd stuck my neck out again or if I really could lure the lady to dinner. I was still trying to decide the best plan of attack when the lights of the Loop slid in under us. There was a thin layer of cloud up top and a murky haze beneath, through which the Maywood Field beacon winked reassuringly. Fat set us down on Maywood Field with the dull sickening thud of a feather.

The lay-over at Chicago is an even twenty minutes. It is a division point where west-bound mail, passengers, and express are transferred to another plane in charge of a new pilot, co-pilot, and stewardess.

The passengers crawled out rather sleepily, as they will in that dismal hour before dawn. Baggerly was admonishing the porter to be careful not to lose any of his papers or magazines, which resembled the contents of a wastebasket, because on one of the papers—the back of an envelope, he thought—there was the germ of a great idea.

Mrs. Harkins showed relief at feeling good solid ground under her feet again, but she smiled bravely at me and said she was really beginning to enjoy the ride. "But, after all, the only really secure place is good solid earth."

"Except during an earthquake," I reminded her.

Egbert's instinct drew him unerringly toward the candy machine. Palmer, wearing hat and overcoat, stepped down without a word to any one and strode toward the station. Dr. Evans was immediately behind him. I said:

"Anything I can do, Dr.—"

He uttered a hasty "No, thanks," and went striding in the same direction as Palmer—as if he were trying to catch up to him.

Miss Rollins was last off. I was waiting for her, as I figured that right now would be as good a time as any to start working around to that dinner invitation. I broke the ice with:

"A hot cup of coffee might—"

"Thanks, I never drink it," she replied brusquely.

"A piece of pie, maybe?"

"I never eat pie."

She stood gazing around indecisively — rather nervously, I thought. Then she returned to me.

"WOULD you tell me where I can find a telephone?"

I escorted her into the station, pointed out the booths. She murmured a detached "Thanks"—and left me flat. I wondered what unhappy human she was going to rout out of bed at this unsociable hour of 4:30 A. M.

In the lunch room I bumped into Tex Riley—so called because he's never been in Texas. He was to be our pilot through to Cheyenne. His co-pilot — a kid named Danner—was with him. We talked about Jake Berger's arm. Which shows how dull and commonplace life on an air transport system can become, when the most exciting topic of conversation is a guy's busted arm.

Baggerly was guzzling black coffee and scribbling notes on a paper napkin. Egbert was wolfing his second piece of lemon-cream pie. The thought of how that would mix with Patty Cakes and Love Smacks inspired a sympathetic burp.

Finishing my coffee, I headed toward the dispatcher's office to have a squint at the weather reports. I was approaching a shadowy corner of the station when I saw Miss Rollins. She was talking with a man—not one of the passengers but a fellow I'd never seen before. He was medium-sized and a good dresser as far as I could determine. It was no love feast. On the contrary, to judge from angry words and angrier gestures, it had the makings of a knock-down-and-drag-out brawl.

Being an eavesdropper by instinct and a Peeping Tom by avocation, I edged forward, my big fuzzy ears unfurled.

A strange company, this, of traveling companions on a transcontinental flight. Where is fate leading them in their voyage through the air? What part is each likely to play in the drama it holds in store for them? Don't fail to follow this delightfully told and thrilling story of twentieth-century travel. Next week's installment brings fascinating developments.

BOGART ROGERS *wound up the World War as a captain in the Royal Flying Corps, having been a combat officer from April, 1918. Since then he has tried to rival his sister, Adela Rogers St. Johns, as a fine writer. He lives in Los Angeles.*

FRANK M. DAZEY *was a buck private and says he liked it. He was born in Quincy, 'Ill., and holds a diploma from Harvard. He writes for a living, and when the writing is good he plays polo as an avocation. He is married and has three children.*

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Of what is cinnamon made?

2—What is an urubu?

3—Does United States citizenship carry with it the right to vote?

4—To what family of plants does the onion belong?

5—What is a prairie dog?

6—Which weighs more—a pound of feathers or a pound of gold?

7—Who was Joachim Murat?

8—Who is Pehr Evind Svinhufvud?

9—When, where, and by whom were the Girl Scouts of America founded?

10—Where and when will the next Olympic Games be held?

11—What is meant when we speak of horse power?

12—What was the radio distress call prior to S O S?

13—What is the popular name for the ulnar nerve?

14—What is the singular form of dice?

15—How many feet are there in a fathom?

16—How is camphor obtained?

17—A fer-de-lance is what?

18—What is a haggis?

19—What is the "penny" system of sizing nails?

20—What is meant by flotsam, jetsam, and ligan?

(Answers will be found on page 26)

For GENTLEMEN

For SCHOLARS

And especially
FOR JUDGES OF
GOOD WHISKEY

IT'S the old-time judges of good whiskey that we especially invite to try Four Roses.

We invite them to test it on taste against any other whiskey made. And we're sure Four Roses will win—as it has already won in "blind" tests against 30 other famous brands.

Because, you see, Four Roses is made the way 92% of America's liquor was made before Prohibition . . . made from the finest, aged-in-the-wood, hand-made whiskies. No tricks!

That's why Four Roses is so mellow—so smooth it's a pleasure to drink it straight. And that's why, if you treat it the way good whiskey should be treated, there's no headache in it.

It takes more time and skill to make whiskey the way Four Roses is made. But Frankfort isn't one of these companies that rushed in with Repeal. Frankfort has been making fine whiskey for four generations.

Get a bottle of Four Roses—and compare it! It's bottled in full pints and full quarts. Ask for Four Roses, too, in hotels and restaurants. You can be sure of its purity. For it comes sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack that *must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

Try these other Frankfort whiskies!

PAUL JONES

Antique · **Meadville**

Old Baker

Old Oscar Pepper

FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

MADE BY FRANKFORT **LOUISVILLE, BALTIMORE**

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful

Norma Shearer—

The Enigma of Hollywood

Is She a Goddess or an Inexorable Machine? Here Is the Estimate of One Who Knows Her Well

by CLARA BERANGER

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

SHE is unique in Hollywood. A star who has never been touched by the breath of scandal.

Yet if you say "Norma Shearer" at any gathering of the movie clan you will immediately start an argument that will split the party into two warring camps.

One side will tell you that Norma stands for everything that is fine and pure and beautiful. The other side will insist that she is cold and calculating, that she never makes a move without a selfish ulterior motive.

The boosters worship her as a goddess who radiates serenity and joy and power. They believe that religious faith is the motivating force in her life.

The detractors, on the other hand, look upon her as a machine that steers a straight and undeviating course to a set goal. "She knows exactly what she wants," they say, "and she heads straight for it."

The truth about Norma Shearer lies somewhere between these two extremes. She is neither goddess nor machine. She is a very real woman. With a woman's virtues and faults. Too normal perhaps to fit the Hollywood standard of artificiality and showiness. Too straightforward to be completely understood.

Norma herself will admit that when she started out on her career she had only one thought—herself.

"Nothing mattered to me in those early days but myself," she said to me once. "I wouldn't have cared whom I hurt, if hurting them would have helped me."

That girl deliberately omitted romance and marriage from her scheme of things because she believed they would interfere with her career.

It was just about eight years ago that I first heard Norma express her views on marriage.

"You see," she explained, "a woman with a career has nothing to bring to marriage. She doesn't want to take care of a man. I can't imagine myself having to consider another person's likes and dislikes, or having to worry over a tired man when I'm tired myself."

As my glance traveled down from the clear direct blue eyes to the chin that is so firm and determined, I was convinced that Norma would accomplish whatever she set out to do. She was so completely sure of herself.

"Of course I would like to marry," she continued. "I'd love a home of my own. And children. But it just can't be done if I'm to go on with my work."

Yet only a year later she was married.

The young modern who thought to rule her own life completely fell so deeply in love that she was ready to risk success, her whole career if necessary, to become the wife of Irving Thalberg, executive head of the studio where she was a star. And to please him, to satisfy his parents, she even adopted his religion.

It is one of life's amusing little ironies that the girl who was so frankly afraid of combining marriage with a career has turned out to be Hollywood's most shining example of how successfully it can be done.

And the time was to come, five years after marriage, when Norma would be forced to choose between her career and her love.

Irving suffered a nervous breakdown. For two months his life hung in the balance. When the doctor decreed that he must go abroad for a year, Norma unhesitatingly decided to go with him.

"You can't do it," said the studio officials; "you can't take the chance of being off the screen for a year and a half."

"Do you think I'm going to let Irving go alone?" Norma flared out angrily. "If he ever needed me, he needs me now. You can break my contract, you can do anything you like. But I'm going. I wouldn't think—"

"Just a minute, dear," Irving interrupted. "They're right. You ought not to leave. I can't let you make such a sacrifice."

Norma did not argue further. She didn't want to worry or excite her sick husband. But the day that Irving was to leave he found his wife all packed and ready for travel.

She placed her hand gently over his lips. "Not another word. I'm going. And that's that."

I saw her shortly after she came back. She was bubbling over with vitality and enthusiasm and happiness.

"I've learned a lot," she said. "I've grown philosophical about what will or will not affect my career. If a woman is happy, if the best in her is finding expression, it will almost automatically be reflected in her work. An actress just can't help portraying what she *is*.

"And I believe that having a career makes a woman more interesting, more vital and inspiring to her husband than she would be if she were concerned only with the everyday routine of living."

It seemed to me that a new glory, a new aura of happiness and peace radiated from her.

Norma Shearer had been brought up in a home where good manners, good taste, and clean thinking were regarded as the highest standards of living.

The Shearer family had a comfortable home in Montreal, Canada. Andrew Shearer, the father, always had plenty of money. The three children—Douglas, Athole, and Norma—were given all the social and educational advantages that money could provide.

I dined with Douglas Shearer recently in New York and we got to talking about Norma.

"She was a bubbly sort of kid," he said, "always full of vitality. I can remember the time when father gave us all blooded horses—he used to train them, you know. Norma's was a spirited young animal, but she mounted him without the least bit of fear, and rode at top speed through the snow-covered streets of Montreal.

"She wasn't a tomboy, but she was an enthusiastic athlete. She could ride or row or swim better than most of the boys in the town. At one time," Douglas smiled, "she had visions of becoming a professional athlete. It seems to me now that from her earliest childhood Norma was determined to accomplish something in the world."

When Norma was in her teens Andrew Shearer lost his money, and his children were faced with the necessity of earning their own living.

An uncle who had been a theatrical manager suggested to Mrs. Shearer that Norma would make a good screen actress. So Mrs. Shearer, with a brave determined spirit, decided to take her two girls to New York. Some day perhaps she might take them to Hollywood, but at that time there was not enough money in the budget to go farther than New York.

In those early days in New York there were no friends to give advice, no contacts with any one in filmland. The telephone book was their only guide to the studios.

Day after day, in rain or sleet or snow, Norma and her mother and Athole wearily tramped from studio to studio, hoping for a day's work as extras.

With a purse growing dangerously low, with fear for the health of her girls, Mrs. Shearer was ready to go home. So was Athole.

Not so Norma. She begged, she pleaded, she fought. "I'd rather starve in New York," she cried, "than go back to Montreal and admit I've failed!"

IT is to her mother's courage and faith that Norma owes her chance for success. For the older woman, accustomed all her life to being waited on and cared for, now applied for a job as shopgirl so that her young daughter might wait in New York for her big opportunity.

While Mrs. Shearer stood behind the counter in a dress shop Norma posed for advertisements. She posed for magazines which used photographs of real people to illustrate their stories. She posed for anything and everything that would bring in a little cash.

Athole fell in love and married. Norma and her mother, left alone, lived in one miserable dark room. They cooked meager meals over a gas burner. Night after night, as they shut their ears against the maddening roar of the elevated, they longed for the quiet peace of their Montreal home.

Yet through it all their courage never faltered, their determination to stick it out never wavered.

They are two of a kind, Edith and Norma Shearer. Gifted with bravery, perseverance, and an unconquerable will.

One day Norma got a call from an actors' agent who informed her that a Mr. Thalberg of Universal Pictures in California had seen her on the screen

MGM photos

Norma Shearer—a portrait photograph in which a prophecy may be seen fulfilled. "It was just about eight years ago," says Miss Beranger, "when as my glance traveled down from the clear direct blue eyes to the chin that is so firm and determined, I was convinced that Norma would accomplish whatever she set out to do." At left: Norma with her husband, Irving Thalberg, and their son, Irving Junior.

and instructed the New York office to put her under a five-year contract.

It took courage for Norma to reject an offer for steady work. Yet she did reject it. "You see," she told me years afterward, "I didn't want to tie myself down for a long time on the small salary they offered. I figured that if they wanted me at all they'd want me enough to pay more. Well, they didn't. I could take it or leave it. And—I left it."

Two more offers came. The last one was only for a short term, and the salary was small. But there were "options" if she made good, and the company was ready to pay Norma's and her mother's fare to Hollywood.

They decided to accept.

Norma's imagination had been fed by exaggerated press stories of receptions given to actresses brought out from New York. As the train pulled into Los Angeles, the station was empty.

CLARA BERANGER

has distinguished herself both as a writer for the screen and as a commentator on its stars. Besides works all her own, she has made the adaptations of important novels and plays. In private life she is Mrs. William C. de Mille.

Tears filled her eyes, bitter humiliation rankled in her soul. Yet she stuck her determined chin in the air. "They may think I'm not important now," she told her mother. "But they will. Just you wait and see."

The next day she went to the studio. In a reception room she saw a good-looking young man whom she assumed to be the office boy.

To this day when Irving Thalberg tells the story of that first interview he chuckles reminiscently.

"I'm Norma Shearer," said the lady. "Will you please inform the manager that I'm here from New York?"

Irving, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, led her into his own office and calmly took a chair behind the massive desk. He did not say a word for a few moments.

"When Norma saw me at the desk she must have realized her mistake," he relates, "but she managed to hide her embarrassment. When I told her that I was the general manager, she still kept her poise.

"'My name's Irving Thalberg,' I added. The name meant nothing at all to Norma.

"'Well, Mr. Thalberg,' she answered with a touch of disdain ,'I want you to understand that I am not dependent on this studio for my career. I have had two other offers from other studios.'

"I wanted to laugh. Instead, I said quietly, 'I know you have, Miss Shearer. You see, I made them both myself. And now, will you sign the contract, please?'

"Even then," Irving concluded with a hearty laugh, "she didn't lose her poise. She laughed with me over the incident. But she signed on the dotted line."

Love was present in that big office from the first day that Norma and Irving met. But neither of them recognized it.

IRVING was businesslike, impersonal, always the big executive. Yet he was losing himself in the clear blue eyes of the brave girl who pitted her will against his. And Norma, in spite of her taboo against love, was losing herself in the vivid gaze of the slender young man who radiated such power and magnetism.

For three and a half years they met only as professionals. In the studio.

"When Irving finally decided to invite me out," Norma confessed to me once, shortly after they were married, "he didn't have the courage to telephone me direct, but got his secretary to do it for him. I felt like saying 'Speak for yourself, Irving!' But I was sure he was listening in on the other phone, and I wasn't taking any chances. I was too anxious to go."

After that first formal engagement the courtship became more personal. The two young people caught in the undertow of love were helpless against the current which was fast tearing down the barriers of their strong individualities.

And one afternoon as they sat on the crest of a hill, drenched in the soft magic of the California twilight, looking out over the ocean, these two human beings felt at one with the universe. At peace with themselves and with each other.

The following September they were married. It was a marriage founded on love and brought to complete fulfillment by mutual understanding and mutual faith.

Yet from the moment that the news reached the public, accusations circulated against Norma. "She deliberately set her cap for the king of the studio so as to advance her own career," said the carpers.

They forgot that Norma was a great star before her marriage. And they never knew the real Irving Thalberg.

The very fact that Norma is his wife would make him bend over backward not to grant her special privileges.

She has to fight for the stories she wants, for casts, for cameramen. And frequently she does not get them.

Recently when she wanted a certain cameraman, considered the best on the lot, she was told, "You can't have him, because Garbo's contract states that she is to have him for her pictures."

ALTHOUGH Norma will argue and plead and fight for what she wants, she never stoops to getting her way by pulling a fit of "artistic temperament." Yet she has a temper which occasionally explodes. Curiously enough, her husband is delighted with these outbursts, for they prove to him that Norma is not the paragon of composure and self-control that she appears.

"Norma has disciplined herself to a tremendous degree," Irving said to me once, "but, after all, she is human. When she does reach the breaking point she tears the clothes off her back. It's a good thing," he added with a grin, "that she can hold her temper in leash until she's in her own home."

Norma has lately returned to the screen after an absence of a year and a half. If she had any fears of losing her place in the hearts of her public, she must have been beautifully reassured by the warm reception accorded her all over the country.

When I came home after seeing the latest Shearer picture, I came to the conclusion that whatever she may have been when she started, she is now a great woman and a great artist.

Her personality has expanded with every new experience—with love, with marriage, with motherhood.

I have watched her many times as she played with her blue-eyed, fair-haired little boy. She gives him warm love and gay companionship.

Yet she keeps her mother love free from possessiveness. "Give him help and loving care," she says, "but leave him free to develop his own personality." And little Irving, aged three, has developed a remarkable one of his own.

A few weeks ago he was taken to the studio. Norma was at work on a scene which represented the interior of an English country home in the dead of winter. The prop department had produced a howling wind, and studio snow fell effectively past the frosted windows.

Four scenes had already been shot when Irving Senior brought his son to the stage. Eager-eyed, excited, he quietly watched his mother go through a tender love scene with her leading man.

"Cut," said the director.

"You can go over to your mother now," said Irving Senior.

Norma turned and seized the boy in her arms. "Did you like that scene, baby?" she asked between kisses.

"Yes, mama," the child answered. "But when it's cold and snowing, what's the use of having a fireplace if you don't light it?"

Norma looked at the director. And the director looked at Norma.

The assistant director collapsed with chagrin. The prop man passed right out of the picture.

Four shots had been taken. And not one person on the set had noticed that the fire was not lighted. It remained for a child of three to call attention to it.

"A woman can be made into an actress," said Norma thoughtfully, "but a producer is born, not made."

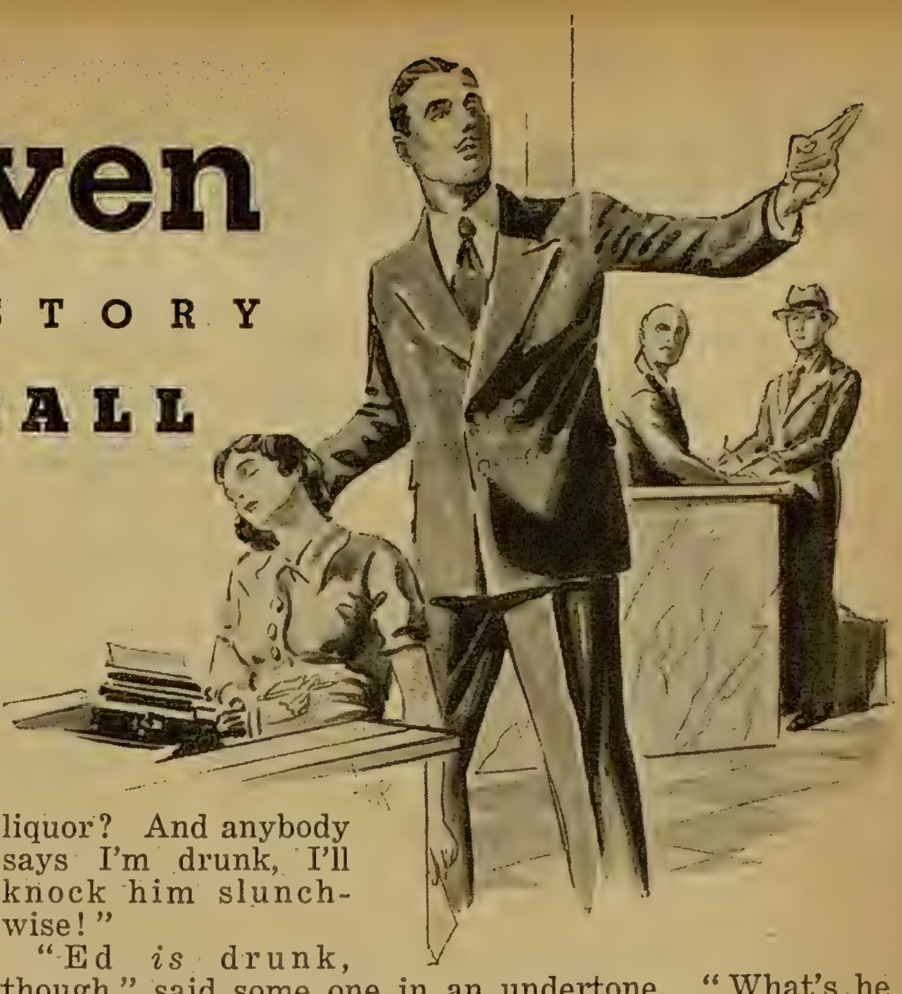
THE END

Natural Seven

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by HOLWORTHY HALL

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



SAM TILGHMAN bent over the public stenographer's desk.

“ Sue,” he remarked confidentially, “ I aim to propose to you every day in this world till yo' resistance feebles down.”

Miss Susan Blaylock tried to look severe.

“ And I'm simply not going to pay you any mind, Sam, till you've laid up two thousand dollars.”

“ But I got fo' hundred dollars cash money, and blue eyes, and three thousand acres—”

Miss Blaylock tried to look severer, but only looked sweeter. “ Yes, and if you'd had a smidget of sense you'd have let all that wild land go for taxes long ago.”

“ W-e-l-l, it's all they is left of great-granddaddy's plantation, and— My goodness, honey, I lied to yo'! I ain't got fo' hundred dollars; all I got is fo'ty. I paid the taxes yesterday. Twelve cents an acre.”

“ Oh, Sam! You mean forty dollars is all you've—”

“ Well, it was the last day fo' to pay 'em, honey, and I ain't fixin' to th'ow that land away awhile.”

She sighed. “ Oh, Sam, if you'd just make enough money so I wouldn't be so nervous-headed about the future—”

“ I know, sugar. But—”

“ *Go 'way, darling!* Here's a customer coming! ”

Sam strolled over to the desk, where the clerk greeted him fraternally and made a suggestion.

“ You might go up yonder to 605. A damn' Yank from New York registered this mo'nin'—big, handsome, mannerable feller with money just purely leakin' out on him—and him and the boys are exercisin' some dices. Your cousin Ed Omwake's up there.”

“ Umm-hmm. Well, reckon I'll go on up.”

Around the table in Room 605 stood eight or nine men, intent upon a pair of dice. The New Yorker held them; and Ed Omwake, a jimber-jawed young farmer, was dropping a twenty-dollar bill on the table.

“ Eight's my point,” said the New Yorker. The dice rolled again and again. “ And eight she is. And I draw down two hundred and leave the sixty.”

“ And a picayunish thing fo' yo' to do,” said Ed Omwake, and drank heartily from a flask of corn.

“ I heard,” said Sam, “ yo' got a pretty fo' yo' tobacco, Ed.”

“ I sho' did.” Ed emptied the flask. “ My God, that's sorry co'n! Where's some mo' of it? ”

HOLWORTHY HALL

is the famed pen name of Harold E. Porter, who borrowed it from his Harvard dormitory and, under it, became a leading short-story writer. During the World War he rose to a captaincy in the Air Service. He has a dozen books to his credit.

Two hundred dollars had already been prized aloose from the damn' Yank, but he seemed to be enjoying himself.

Sam's fingers itched around a bill in his pocket.

“ I'll flitter along fo' ten,” he said. And the dice rolled, and he lost the ten. He lost another ten. He lost five. He lost another five.

He grinned up at the big New Yorker. “ Hey, I'll trifle with five mo' of it.”

And fifteen minutes later he had won more than a thousand dollars, and Ed Omwake was glumming about it. “ Shoot yo' the pot, Sam.”

As Omwake leaned over the table every man in the room saw what was under his left shoulder. He turned to the men nearest him. “ And where's some mo' liquor? And anybody says I'm drunk, I'll knock him slunchwise! ”

“ Ed *is* drunk, though,” said some one in an undertone. “ What's he totin' a gun in town fo'? ”

And in one more minute there was a great irregular dune of bills and checks and warehouse receipts on the table, and Sam still held the dice.

“ How much is they on the table, Sam? ” Ed drank.

“ Fo'ty-eight hundred, Ed.”

“ I'll roll yo' my farm against it.”

“ Why, Ed, yo' cain't—”

“ Hush yo' mouth, Sam Tilghman! ”

“ Well, I don't crave to, Ed, but—” Sam shrugged.

Ed Omwake took the dice. “ *Now!* ” he said—and rolled. And at the same instant he sneezed violently.

The dice turned up snake-eyes, and gave Ed's farm to Sam Tilghman. But then Sam's hand went out like lightning and turned one of those cubes upside down—so that what Omwake saw, as his own eyes opened, was a natural seven.

Sam laughed. “ Well,” he said, “ the hawk sat down on me that time fo' sure. But all I lose is fo'ty dollars, anyways. Farewell gentlemen.” And he went out.

THE New Yorker said, “ My God, what if the souse had seen that and misunderstood! ”

“ Ed'd have shot at him, suh.”

“ But—why did he do it? ”

“ Well, suh, Ed's no-'count, but they're distant kin—and Sam wouldn't been no way proud to win money offen a man in liquor, anyways.”

“ Hum! I like that fellow. He interests me. What business is he in? ”

“ Real estate and insurance.”

The New Yorker went slowly down to the lobby, looked up a name in the directory, and went over to the public stenographer. “ Please take a letter to Mr. Samuel Tilghman, 126 Market Street—”

The pretty stenographer caught her breath. He went on:

> “ I had really intended to look a little farther South, but something that happened this afternoon makes me believe that I can rely both upon your judgment and your integrity. I am representing a small group of friends who are looking for a little hunting preserve—something between two and four thousand acres. Our absolute limit is five or six dollars an acre. The location, though, is immaterial. All we want is a fair price, good cover, and plenty of birds. We should pay all cash. Now, if you have on your list anything that you can honestly recommend—

“ Hey, boy! Get some water! This lady's fainted! ”

THE END

The Ignominious

In Which Charlotte Learns a Thing or Two She Didn't Know About Men—A Lively Tale of Beauty, Brains, and a Boaster

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

WHEN the night winds steal over the celestial waters of Lake George, when canoes drift in moonlit shadows, and when with the perfumed zephyrs come the dulcet strains of a distant dance orchestra, even a Ph.D. and M.A. and full professor of astrophysics can feel that strange stirring which easily begets the emotion of love. Oliver Sands felt it, although he was alone in his canoe and no part of the dance or of the soft-voiced people who drifted out on the shining water.

Gregory Jordan, the handsomest man at Maple Point, also felt it—and he was not alone. He lifted a ukulele from the ribs of his canoe and crooned in a deep voice to Charlotte. By and by he stopped and bent over. Two silhouettes merged for a brief instant. Charlotte sighed and decided almost certainly that she would become the bride of the dark and dashing Mr. Jordan—if, of course, he would ask her.

But for the nonce Mr. Jordan seemed more inclined to sing. And after singing a while he commenced a conversation. "Who," he said, "was that funny-looking bird you were talking to at the post office this afternoon?"

Charlotte felt disappointed. "That was Oliver Sands."

"I thought he had one of those nut names."

She was vaguely offended. "He's very nice. We grew up here together. I think," she continued, peering hopefully through the swooning murk, "that he was in love with me once. When we were about twenty—or, rather, when he was. I must have been about fifteen. But I've always felt older than Oliver."

Gregory nodded his smooth dark head. "What glasses!" he murmured.

"Oh, yes. He's very intelligent. A professor. He even won a medal last year for something nobody could understand except Einstein, I guess."

"He would," Charlotte's escort replied.

Again she was minutely annoyed. "He's nice. He hasn't been in Maple Point for years. I was really terribly glad to see him."

The orchestra music swelled. "Let's go in and dance," Gregory said. He did not wait for her to answer. Masterfully he forged to the shore. The boat slid up on the beach, followed by a small wave. He helped the girl to stand. For an instant she felt his powerful arm and the flex of muscles in it.

Oliver caught a glimpse of her as she went up the dock. She wore a white dress with blue flowers. Her hair looked darker than it really was. Her nose still turned up—a thing that comforted him. But—she'd changed. She was more unapproachable than ever. Through his mind ran memories of Charlotte in days long forgotten—Charlotte, the girl who lived next door in the summer time. He paddled moodily out on the water and wondered almost angrily why he had left the laboratories and the observatory for a vacation at Maple Point. He was too old now for so silly a life. Thirty-one. Much too old.

On the next morning he saw her again, after a considerable wait at the post office. Her hair was gold and her eyes were bluer than the water of the lake. She was walking with the striking Mr. Jordan. They were introduced.

"This is Gregory Jordan, Oliver. An old friend of mine, Greg."

Greg said, "How are you?"

Oliver said, "How are you?" and blushed a little.

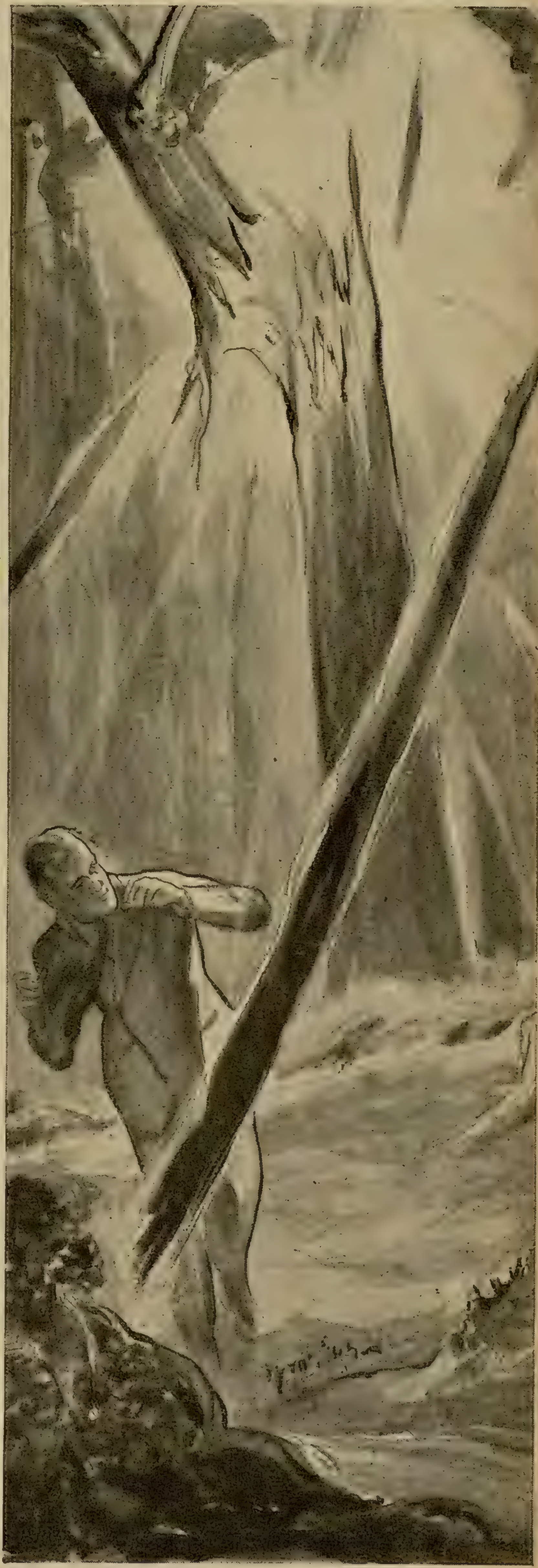
"What's your line?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean"—Greg smiled as if he knew the answer would embarrass Oliver—"what's your business?"

"Oh." The professor's candid eyes looked through his glasses. "Astrophysics and a touch of nuclear physics. What's yours?"

Greg found himself in what he felt was a false position. It was increased when Charlotte grinned and said, "Candy."

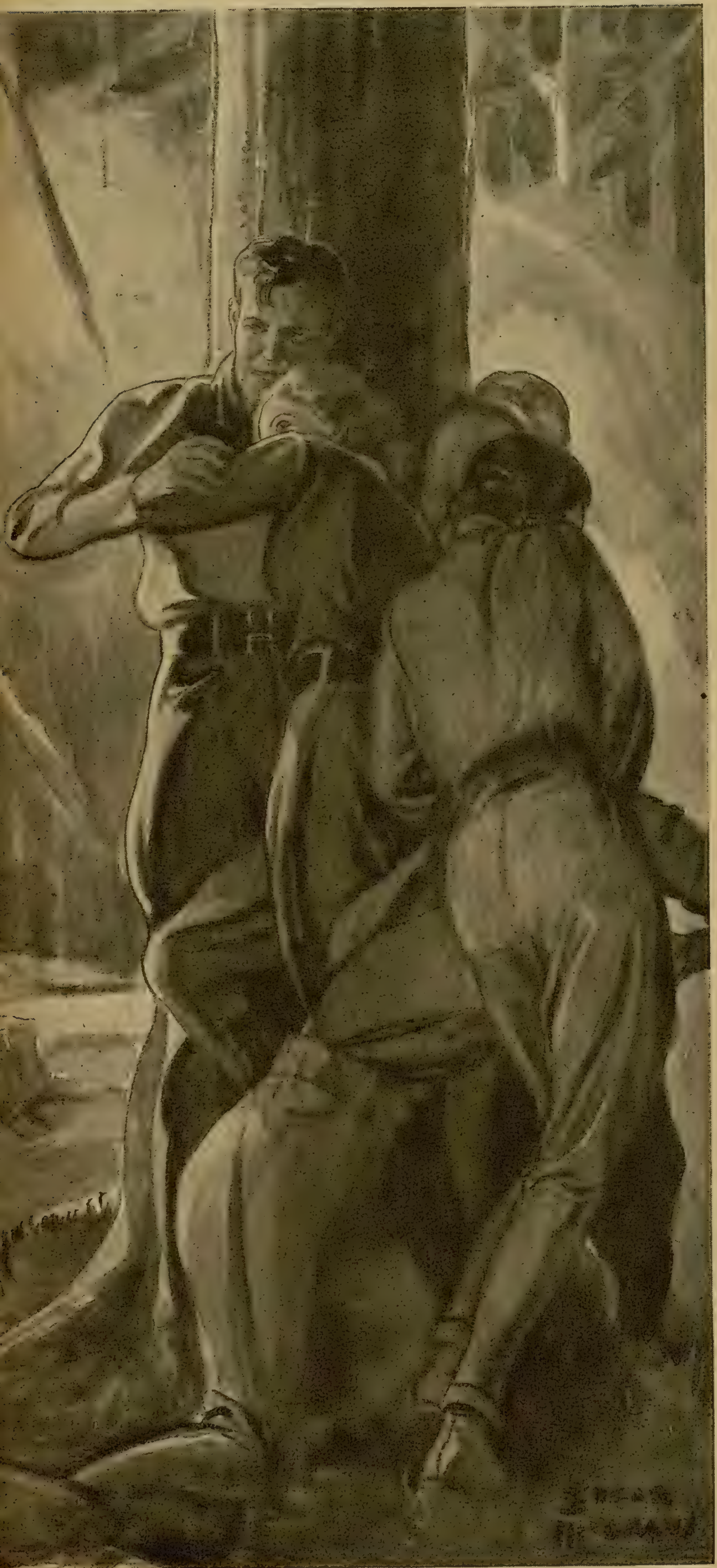


Romance

Picnic

by

PHILIP WYLIE



Suddenly there was a blinding light, a bellow of thunder. A pine staggered and crashed to earth. Fire broke out along the stump.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

EDGAR McGRAW

"Manufacturing," Greg added expansively.

At that point both men appeared to have run out of small talk. Charlotte filled the interval. "I'm giving a picnic tomorrow, Oliver," she said. "I want you to come. We're going to start from my house at eleven and hike."

"Thank you," Oliver said. "I'd like to."

Greg took Charlotte's arm and swept her toward the A-K window. "Why invite the bookworm?"

"Old times' sake. Jealous of him?" She hoped he would be.

But he laughed. "No, darling. Not. But about that hike. I suggest that we hike and hike and hike—since he's coming. Get a crowd of good walkers—and we'll give him something to remember all his life."

She was going to answer, but instead she merely nodded.

GREG took charge of the picnic. There were eight people—pretty brunette Mary Stokes, Alice Devon, Georgia Stevens, Sam Willet, and Bradley Jeans. "We're going on a long hike," Greg said. "We'll take the Big Bog trail and cut off through the woods to a place I know." He made a forward signal and took the lead. A really magnificent man with broad shoulders and an easy stride. He was dressed in whipcord breeches and leather puttees. His shirt was of khaki-colored flannel. A red bandanna was tied around his neck. He also wore a hunting knife at his belt which he had explained was for attacks by big game.

Oliver was dressed in an old suit and high shoes—the only true civilian in the party. He took up a position in the rear of the troupe, carrying the heaviest lunch basket. His strides were neither long nor especially graceful. He was merely a medium-sized man with glasses walking with a basket. Every one else was a Personality on a Hike in the Woods.

They wound along a path across a sloping pasture into the forest and began to climb. Greg sang cheerfully. Charlotte followed behind him. Presently the path joined a lumber road. Mary Stokes dropped back beside Oliver.

"It's going to be hot," she said.

"And moist too, I'm afraid. The barometer was at twenty-nine point nine this morning. Down a bit."

"Oh," Mary said, and tried another subject. "Aren't these trees beautiful!"

Oliver looked interestedly at the trees, which cast a deep gloom over the trail. "*Quercus, Acer*, and *Pinus strobus*. Very lovely."

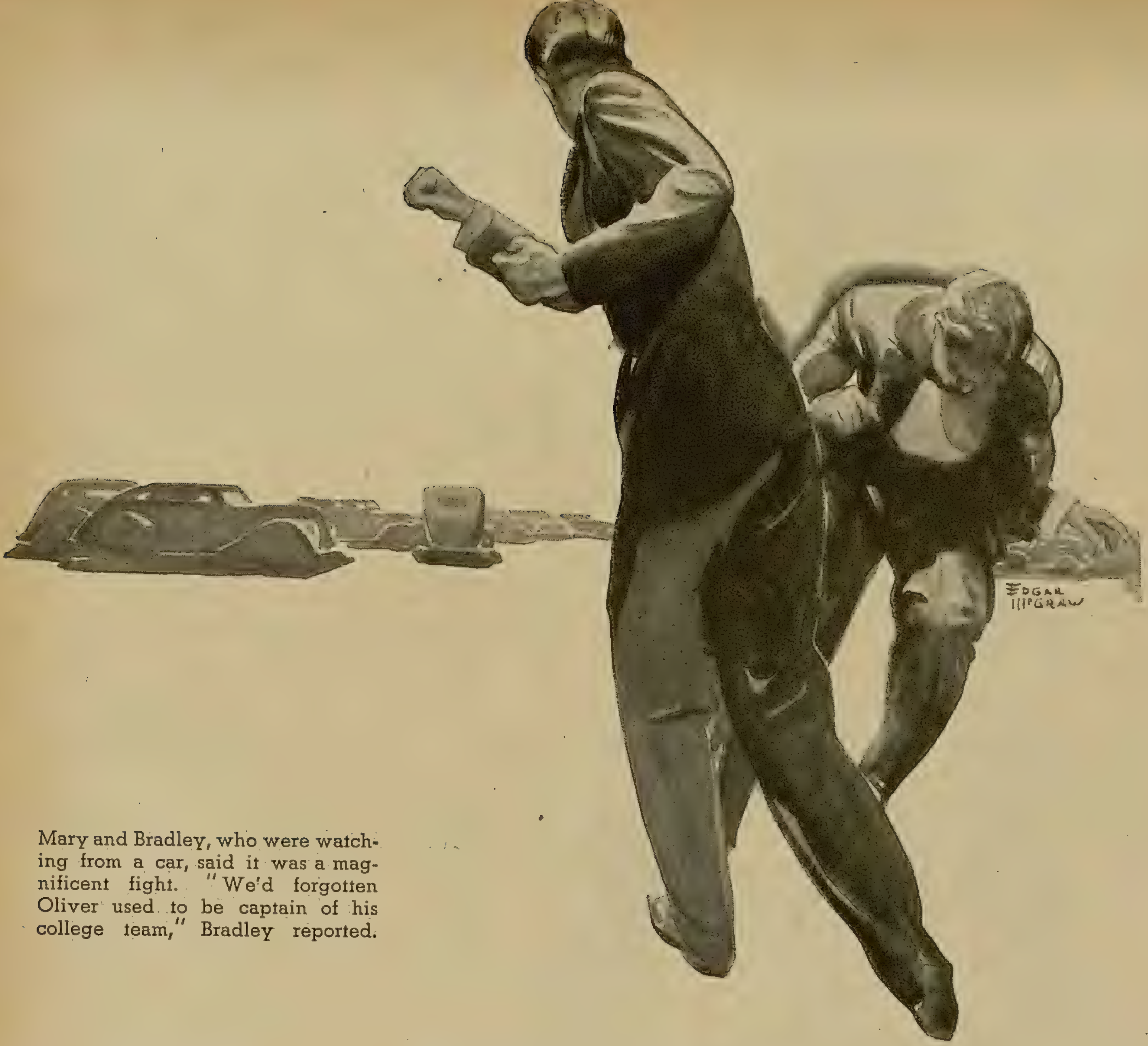
"What?"

"Oak, maple, and white pine."

"Where do you learn things like that?"

"Books," Oliver answered and peered genially at Mary. She hastened ahead.

In due time the octet reached a rocky promontory which overlooked the lake. Greg, mopping his brow, caught sight of a bird. "Wish climbing was as easy as that," he said. "Wonder what kind it is?"



Mary and Bradley, who were watching from a car, said it was a magnificent fight. "We'd forgotten Oliver used to be captain of his college team," Bradley reported.

Oliver's information again was at the disposal of all. "Member of the *Hirundinidæ*."

"Meaning what?" the larger man said.

"Meaning swallow."

Greg walked angrily across the rocky ground toward Oliver. "Are you trying to kid me?"

"Good heavens, no! It's a swallow."

"He learned it from a book," Mary said. There was a little laughter in the group. Greg looked hard at the professor and seized his basket. "Too heavy for you," he said. "Let's go."

Oliver shrugged gently and took up his place as rear guard. Charlotte drifted back through the hikers to his side. "Look, Oliver," she said. "I wish you wouldn't offend Greg. I—I like him. He doesn't—go in for—scientific terms. But he's really a fine man. He has made a fortune—quite a fortune—for himself in the candy business. And he was a football player and the president of his class in college. It's just that—"

He nodded. "Sure. But remember when we were kids—dad made me learn the Latin names of trees and flowers and so on? Afterward—in science—it got to be a habit."

"I knew you'd understand."

She hurried forward. Oliver understood only that Charlotte had been displeased by his actions. Again he wondered why he was taking the trouble to hike up the side of a mountain with a lot of young people who did not like him especially. He should, he reflected, be down in New York in the thick of the fight on the nature of cosmic radiation and the argument about the new hydrogen isotope.

The lumber road presently became a trail. The trees were larger and farther apart. Dead leaves carpeted the ground. Greg led what Oliver thought was a fast pace for the girls, but they kept up. There was very little conversation now, however. It was hot and dank. Deer flies buzzed around their heads. They skirted the Big Bog. Oliver caught sight of pitcher plants growing in the sphagnum and he thought he saw a fawn quietly vanishing. He was surprised when they left the trail.

"Keep right behind Uncle Gregory," their leader called back boisterously. "We're going to break across country. I know a place to picnic you'll all like."

FOR an hour they went over the shoulders of mountains and down into valleys where brief pauses were made for drinking from brooks. They forced their way through the tangle of a burned spot where raspberries grew and charred logs left black smudges on their hands—smudges which were unconsciously transferred to their faces.

Finally Georgia said a little impatiently, "When do we eat?"

"Soon!" Greg yelled.

Oliver, at the tail of the procession, was no longer interested in the picnic. He wished devoutly that he had not come. He felt that every one was hostile to him. He was not tired but only unhappy. Another half hour of marching passed. Oliver noticed that the sun had gone under a cloud, but no one else paid any heed to the fact. Quite suddenly he heard Greg say, " I know where I'm going, all right," in a somewhat unpleasant tone, and Charlotte replied, " I hope so, anyway."

Greg kept his Indian file in order for a long time. But eventually Georgia sat down. " I eat here," she said.

Mary came to her side. " So do I."

" It's only a little further," Greg said.

Sam fanned himself with a branch. " You be guide," he said, " and I'll be waiter. I begin my work now."

" It was a swell place," Greg answered, putting down the basket. " Big rocks, ferns, a spring—"

Oliver abruptly saw light. " You mean that rock chimney on Saw Mountain? The one with the old log over the spring pool? "

" That may be the one," Greg answered cautiously.

" Why didn't you tell me that's where you wanted to go? "

" I suppose you'd have led us there in half an hour? "

" Well," Oliver answered, " in forty-five minutes—but this isn't the way."

" Oliver! " Charlotte said anxiously.

" Have a sandwich." Sam, who had opened the basket, grinningly offered a wrapped delicacy.

Greg took it. Oliver filled the water cups from a nearby rivulet, opened the other basket, set out the food on paper plates, and poured lemonade from a canteen. Only then did he sit down to eat, and as he bit into a sandwich he heard the distant roll of thunder. He looked at the sky through the thick foliage and said, " I think maybe we'd better eat quickly and then I'll try to find the way back."

Greg was bitingly sarcastic. " *You'll try* to find the way back, professor? "

Charlotte ignored Greg. " Oliver," she said nervously, " you mean you aren't sure you could? "

" In time—yes. But there's a storm coming up—"

His words were accompanied by a roll of thunder which every one heard. Georgia stood up. " We'd better go! "

GREG walked over to her. " Plenty of time, pal." He turned toward Oliver, noble, erect, masculine, rested and fed. " I'd rather go forward. But in any case, if there's leading to be done—I do it."

Oliver shrugged. " Look," he said. " I've spent a lot of time in these hills and mountains—years ago. I merely meant that I possibly knew them a little more intimately—"

" Merely and possibly—hell! " Greg answered.

Oliver was still conciliatory. " Wanted to avoid a soaking."

The tall man pointed to the tree tops. " Umbrella if it rains," he said confidently. " Come on, gang. Fall to."

If the success of a meal can be judged by the quantity of food devoured, the picnic was a triumph. But if the criterion of a repast is the mood of the diners, it was a fizzle. The distant thunder became a booming reality. The dense woods darkened. Occasional flashes of lightning were dimly visible. And presently from far away there came a low roar that grew in intensity until it was like the voice of a tidal wave.

" Rain! " Mary shouted.

Greg, still munching a sandwich, grinned. " A shower. We'll just wait under that big pine."

" A smaller tree—" Oliver began.

" Under the pine! " Greg commanded.

Charlotte looked at Oliver and said, so that none of the others could hear, " Greg's been in the woods a lot. Maine—Arizona—"

" Guides with him," Oliver answered.

But Charlotte did not hear. Huge drops of water splashed into their midst. The tree tops apparently were ideal as parasols but inadequate as umbrellas. The roar was ferocious now. And it began to pour.

Under the pine chosen by Greg huddled seven people. Oliver was not there. As swiftly as he could he was collecting what remained of the picnic lunch, rewrapping it in wax paper, and putting it into a basket. As he worked he was soaked to the skin. When he had finished he put the basket carefully beneath an overhanging rock.

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Then he started toward the pine tree. The thunder now was incessant. He could see the people huddled around the huge bole only by lightning flashes. The boughs high overhead were bending and shrieking.

Suddenly there was a blinding light, a clap and bellow of thunder, and splinters of wood as big as a man hurtled through the air. A pine not a hundred feet from the one under which the picnickers stood staggered and crashed to earth. Fire broke out along the shattered stump and the rain began to turn it into steam.

Oliver ran. He ignored Greg. “Get away from this big one!” he yelled. “It may be struck like that!”

They followed him, bewildered, terrified. Sam helped Georgia. Bradley Jeans half carried Mary. Another head-splitting bolt brought down another tree. In a third flash they could see it toppling. Oliver pushed and pulled them into a copse of dense underbrush which was some distance from the nearest forest giant. In fifteen dripping and trembling minutes the storm had abated a little. Oliver stepped out, but as he came back it turned and was on them again. The lightning came stroke upon stroke so that they were numbed. They lost sense of time. Georgia lay on her face. Mary knelt. Charlotte sat in a mud puddle.

PHILIP WYLIE

has done a number of things, beginning with big-game hunting and deep-sea sailoring, and including advertising work and fiction. He was born in Massachusetts, a minister's son, and spends his time in California, Connecticut, and Florida.

And finally it withdrew. The thunder diminished. The lightning preceded it by longer and longer intervals. It rolled off into the hills like cavalry on an iron bridge.

Eight sorry people emerged from the underbrush. Mary and Georgia cried a little. Greg, white and shaking, managed to say, “Just a summer shower. Too bad we got soaked. But we'll be having a highball in a couple of hours—or so.”

“Will we?”

They looked at Oliver. “Anybody noticed the time?” he asked.

Half a dozen wrist watches were consulted simultaneously.

“Nine thirty!” Georgia said.

“Mine's stopped!” Sam was indignant.

“Have to step on it,” Greg said somewhat uneasily.

“I think,” Oliver answered, “that it's going to rain—or at least be cloudy—all night. That means it'll be pitch-dark up here in another hour. We couldn't get out in an hour—even if we knew the straightest way.”

“You don't mean”—Mary's voice was squeaky—“we've got to stay here *all night!*”

“I'm afraid so.”

“But—that's impossible!”

Charlotte said, “Is that a fact, Oliver?”

He nodded and walked toward a birch tree.

“What are you going to do?”

“Start a fire—over by that big boulder.”

Greg snorted. “Try it—with everything wet.”

Oliver did not stop walking but he turned his head. “Read the Boy Scout manual some day,” he said. “That's a good book, too.” He began peeling bark from the tree.

IN fifteen minutes he had a fire going. At first it crackled and smoked and hissed. But as more time passed it flamed high.

They crowded around it, holding out their hands. Upon them a drizzling rain began to fall. The woods had become chilly. Sam and Bradley undertook to gather fuel. Oliver borrowed Greg's knife and started to cut spruce branches. While he worked light was blotted out.

He piled the boughs around the fire. They were wet, and could not be thoroughly dried, but people sat on them, turning first their faces and then their backs to the flames.

Oliver sat a little away from the others. Nobody spoke for a long time. But at last Georgia said, “I'm hungry. Golly, I'm hungry!”

The professor rose and retrieved his basket after floundering in the damp dark for a moment. He came back and handed one sandwich to each person. They ate silently, gratefully.

“Ready for seconds,” Mary said almost brightly as he finished his round.

Oliver shook his head.

Greg rose to his feet. “Pass them again.”

“All right. But then there will be no breakfast. And we have a long walk ahead.”

Mary shook her dark curls. “My eye! They'll find out we've been caught in the storm and come for us. I bet they get here inside of an hour—and I hope they have hot coffee, too.”

“How are they going to find us?” Charlotte asked.

“By the firelight, my little wet blanket,” Greg said. His remark brought laughter.

Oliver leaned against a tree. “It's miserable,” he said. “And I'm afraid I'm to blame, in a way. I didn't notice where we were going. Absent-minded. But I advise every one to sleep. I'll stoke the fire.”

“Nonsense!” Georgia exclaimed.

Oliver looked at Charlotte. She seemed self-possessed and a little bit angry. He wanted to tell them that they were safe from everything but colds—and perhaps accidents. But he wanted to warn them also that people had been lost for three and four days in this very region. He said nothing, however, for Greg took the floor.

“IF every one hadn't chivvied me about when we ate, I'd have made the spot all right,” he said. For the next two hours his alibis were the backbone of what little conversation there was. Finally Sam said irritably, “Oke, my boy, oke. You were struck blind and staggered along with shrapnel wounds, carrying three fallen comrades, and nobody blames you for missing the landmarks. Me—I'm going to sleep. I think the rain has stopped.”

Mary and Georgia, and Alice, who had borne the hardship of the storm in frightened silence, huddled together on the boughs beside the fire. Charlotte stared at Oliver and discovered that he was actually asleep, leaning against the tree, his arms wrapped around himself. She sat down beside Greg. He took her hand, but she drew it away. By and by she nodded. She was too cold and too hot and only half dry. Her head fell against Greg's shoulder and she did not wake until he presently moved her away so that he could sleep unencumbered.

Eight people lay or half reclined in a dismal stupor and occasionally Oliver jerked upright, rose, fed the fire, and rejoined his companions in their sleep.

Dawn leaked damply through the trees. One by one they rose stiffly. Mist hung in the woods and the trees still dripped, but they fed the fire until it blazed high and they stood around it, drying themselves. Greg, unshaven and surly, stomped off to the place where they had eaten and returned with a wet paper carton which Oliver had overlooked. It was filled with sliced ham. They breakfasted upon it and upon the remainder of the sandwiches.

“We better start right away,” Greg said.

Mary sniffled uncomfortably. “I hate to leave the fire. Wouldn't it be sensible to wait right here?”

“What do you think, Oliver?” Charlotte asked.

Warmth and food had returned to Greg a measure of his former self-confidence. “We start,” he said firmly.

“Which way?” the professor asked.

“Down that valley.”

Oliver shook his head. “We'd better go up. I'll climb a tree on top of the highest place we can find.”

So they went up a steep and sodden shoulder and waited while Oliver climbed. He vanished among the branches of a lofty pine and came down carefully. “Mist,” he said. “Clouds, really. Can't see. If we had a compass—”

“Can't you make a compass out of birch bark?” Greg asked as they started walking again. “I read a book about a guy like you once. I read books, too. The fellow's name was Crichton and he was always doing things for people on a desert island. He was a butler.”

Oliver ignored the insulting tone. He turned his eyes in every direction, hoping to see a familiar formation or to catch a glimpse of a mountain top which would give him the direction. The girls walked stiffly for a while. No one had much to say.

An hour later they were tramping in a woods which exactly resembled the place where they had camped overnight. Each rise was like the one before it and the ravines between were similar. Greg was leading. As they limbered up, the pace increased. Alice voiced a thought held by all of them: "Our families will be wild with worry."

Georgia said, after a long interval, "I don't suppose people ever get lost here—for good."

"Of course not." Oliver's reply was quick and positive. He slogged along unhappily. He felt that he had acted like a prig, and that the position had been forced upon him. Charlotte still followed Greg, and none of the others spoke to him.

The girls' clothes were stained and their hair was disheveled. The men's beards had grown. Their hands were dirty.

THEY climbed up a rocky hill and came on another open spot which was filled with slash and burned trunks and red raspberries. Greg greeted them with a shout. "Raspberries! Fall to!" He turned back. "I suppose you're used to razzberries, professor?"

Nobody laughed. They began to eat the berries, fanning out in the patch. There was a dry clicking near where Mary ate. She screamed.

"What's the matter?" Greg, who was nearest, hurried to her side.

"I heard a rattlesnake."

"Nonsense! Insect of some sort. No—" Then Greg's face blanched and he ran, leaving the girl transfixed. A rattler had crawled out on a ledge at her feet. Greg stopped at a safe distance and bellowed, "Get a rock, somebody! It *is* a rattler!"

In an instant Oliver was on the ledge. He appeared, and jumped, in the same motion. His hard-heeled high shoes landed squarely on the snake, crushing it just behind the head. His glasses fell from his nose and shivered to pieces on the stone.

Mary screamed and screamed. Charlotte rushed to her and shook her. Sam ran forward and looked at the dead but still writhing snake. He said to the professor, "Whatever it's called—you've got a lot of it."

Greg ran forward and thumped Oliver's back too hard. "Lucky you happened to be near—with those high shoes," he said.

Mary's screams had been reduced to whimpering. Oliver addressed every one: "Look. We may be stuck in here till the sun comes out. I think it would be better to make some sort of shelter and build a good fire and wait. The woods will be full of people looking for us. By walking, we'll only wear ourselves out. And we haven't anything to eat. There are houses within six or seven miles of here, but if we missed them, we might walk twenty without any change in the scenery."

Charlotte, who had stood near Greg as she held Mary, now said to him, "Greg, I think you're horrible!"

Color flamed into the big man's cheeks. He stared furiously at the distraught girl and then walked over to Oliver. "Listen, guy," he said. "We do what I think we should do. And that's walk."

Oliver peered at him calmly and shook his head. "No. We stay. There's good shelter by that little cliff. We can be quite comfortable."

Greg's face went white. He said in his throat, "Why, you little—" and he charged forward, his fist doubled.

There was not time for Sam and Brad to grab him. He lunged at the professor. Oliver changed his stance slightly on the uneven ground. As the fist shot forward, he ducked, and his forearm deflected the blow. Greg hurtled past him, lost his balance, stumbled, and fell heavily. He gave vent to a yell of pain and grabbed his foot. "My ankle! My ankle!" he howled.

Oliver tried to pick him up, and he attempted to hit Oliver again. Charlotte ran forward. "Stop yelling," she said icily. "Let's see."

Tenderly Greg took off his puttee. There was no mark on his ankle. Sam brought a hatful of cool rain water and bathed it. But it did not swell and it did not darken.

By afternoon they had eaten as many berries as they could. Charlotte and Alice had picked them, moving gingerly through the briers, in mortal terror of snakes. Sam, Bradley, and Oliver had constructed a clumsy shelter of boughs against the cliff, built a huge fire, and thatched the floor of the lean-to with spruce boughs. Greg lay upon the green mattress, not moaning but holding his ankle and occasionally making sounds as if he would groan except for the streak of Spartan stoicism in his soul.

OLIVER departed when that work was complete. He did not return until it was almost dark. He had gone through miles of forest, calling—but his voice had evoked no response. He carried a porcupine by one foot.

"You can get these things with a club," he said. "Greg—if you'll lend me your knife—"

Greg, gasping faintly, held out his hunting knife. "It isn't much good to eat," Oliver said as he began to skin the animal, "but it's better than nothing."

Georgia watched him with a sickened expression. "It's vile. Killing something and eating it."

The professor nodded. "I know how you feel."

Half an hour later, however, when the nostrils of the hungry were assailed by the odor of broiling meat, the general attitude changed. Every one tried it. Sam actually insisted that it was delicious. Greg said that it was tough.

Oliver munched his portion from a forked stick. "The *Erethizon dorsatus*—" he began, and checked himself.

Charlotte looked at him and

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grinned. The loss of his spectacles had mysteriously changed Oliver's face. His chin, for one thing, was more prominent. It actually looked aggressive. And his hair, which was generally neat and mousy, was now turbulent. Firelight glinted in it. He had sacrificed his necktie to the shelter poles, and with his collar open he looked broad-shouldered.

"I suppose," she said, "that's the Latin name for porcupine?"

"Didn't mean to mention it."

"I'm beginning to like Latin names."

Darkness came. Darkness and the dripping of moisture and the sound of a brook. The cries of owls and the far-away scream of a bobcat. It was warm in the shelter and dry. One by one they fell asleep—Greg first—until only Charlotte and Oliver were awake. She came to the place where he sat and she squatted beside him. "We've got to get out of here by tomorrow."

"I'm sure we will."

There was a silence. "I'm awfully glad you were along, Oliver."

"Thanks."

She took his hand. "Remember—when we were kids—"

"You mean when you were."

She nodded and smiled. "When I was. I used to think you were marvelous then."

"Wish I'd known it. I wish—"

He cut himself off. Greg woke up and saw them holding hands. "Will somebody please get me a little water?" he moaned.

Oliver took water to him. Then he returned to Charlotte. She stretched comfortably in front of the fire and put her head in his lap. In a moment she slept. Her hair spilled over his knees. He took care not to waken her by moving.

With the dawn he roused every one. There was nothing to eat. He rallied them cheerfully, however. "I've got the direction now," he said. "We'll get out before lunch time."

Greg refused to move. Oliver examined his ankle and could see nothing wrong with it. He made Greg rotate it. Finally he said, "We can leave you here and come back for you later."

Greg got to his feet and went forward with the others, limping and moaning. Oliver led at a smooth pace. In an hour sunlight filtered into the trees and it grew warmer. Then some one said in abrupt astonishment, "Why—we're on an old road!"

"We were bound to strike it," Oliver called back. "Could have found it yesterday if I'd known the direction."

CHARLOTTE was walking behind Oliver. It was she who first heard voices. And then one of the search parties was upon them with food and hot coffee in a vacuum bottle. Grimness and private panic dissolved into laughter.

"We didn't have much trouble," Greg told the rescuers. "Wouldn't have had any at all if I hadn't hurt my ankle."

At eleven o'clock that night the hardy adventurers began to appear at the Beach Club. They had dined well and slept. They were bathed and variously rouged or shaved. Each member of the party was surrounded by an admiring audience. Dance music played. The stars jittered exquisitely overhead. Sam announced boldly his intention to marry Georgia; and Georgia, blonde and radiant in a sleek evening dress, made no denial.

Greg and Charlotte danced together—Greg resplendent in evening clothes, his ankle miraculously healed. Into this atmosphere came Oliver Sands, Ph.D., M.A., etc. He also wore evening clothes. He had on glasses, and his hair was neat and unobtrusive. One or two mothers spoke to him. The gist of their words was that the picnickers were lucky to have had Mr. Jordan along. So strong and resourceful.

He asked Charlotte to dance, and he danced with her so self-consciously and inexpertly that even she was embarrassed. "Poor Oliver," she said. "You never were a ladies' man." She eyed him fondly. But Greg cut in.

"Never tango with a professor," he said. "It would be different if you could learn Latin names for fox trots."

Oliver walked out on the club porch and looked at the lake and the stars. He was in a curious mood. He shook. His trembling became so intense that he knew he would have to do something drastic about it. He went back to the ballroom. He found Greg talking to a group of damsels. "I killed three rattlers and didn't say anything to any one for fear the girls would be frightened. Sands killed one, and you'd have thought he'd captured a regiment single-handed."

OLIVER touched his shoulder. "May I speak to you a moment?"

"You may."

"I mean—outside."

"I'm busy."

"Just as a favor. It won't take long."

Greg grudgingly followed. Behind the club was a parking yard, seemingly deserted. Hither the professor led the candy manufacturer. They stood face to face.

"I don't like you," Oliver said slowly.

"It's mutual. I don't like egotistical little heels myself."

"I don't like you," Oliver continued, "and now I'm going to knock hell out of you."

Mary and Bradley, who were watching and listening from a parked car, said it was a magnificent fight. Greg sprang at Oliver immediately and hit him while Oliver was taking off his glasses. It was the last good blow Greg landed. "We'd forgotten Oliver used to be captain of his college boxing team," Bradley reported. "He chopped that guy up. He blacked both his eyes. He gave him a bloody nose. He knocked him down three times. Golly! It was swell! Then he stood over him and said, 'Well?' Greg beat it. He was a mess."

Oliver, after the fight, walked into the club. He went directly to Charlotte.

"Your cheek's cut!" she exclaimed.

He gripped her hand. He drew her across the floor.

"Where are we going?"

He said nothing. He lifted her bodily into a canoe and launched it. He jumped in and sat down beside the startled girl. He took her in his arms and kissed her for five minutes. She struggled, a very little, at first. When he stopped she whispered, "Oh—Oliver!"

"No academic learning seemed to fit the situation," Oliver said meditatively. "Then I remembered a book I'd read while I was marooned one day in a station in Vermont."

"What book was it, Oliver darling?" she asked.

"It was a fictional work entitled Tarzan of the Apes," he said, kissing her again.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 14

1—Of the inner bark of the cinnamon tree.

2—An American black vulture or carrion crow.

3—No, the right to vote is denied on certain grounds.

4—To the lily family.

5—A burrowing rodent, allied to the marmots.

6—A pound of feathers, which is weighed by the avoirdupois pound of 16 ounces, while gold is weighed by the troy pound of only 12 ounces.

7—One of Napoleon's marshals and his brother-in-law. He was King of Naples (1808-15).

8—President of Finland.

9—March 12, 1912, in Savannah, Georgia, by Mrs. Juliette Low.

10—In Berlin, Germany, in 1936.

11—A unit of work equal to 33,000 pounds lifted one foot high in one minute.

12—C Q D.

13—The funny bone.

14—Die.

15—Six.

16—It is distilled from the wood of the camphor tree, and purified by sublimation.

17—A poisonous snake found in South America and Martinique.

18—A meat pudding made in Scotland.

19—A twopenny nail is 1 inch long; threepenny, 1¼ inches; fourpenny, 1½ inches.

20—In maritime law, goods cast into the sea and floating are flotsam; if they are sunk without mark they are jetsam; but if sunk and fastened to a floating buoy they are ligan.

ROWDY, ROYAL, RISIBLE

Presenting a Bit of Nautical Rough-house, a Pale Dietrich Empress, Mr. Ruggles as a Comedy Sleuth, and Mr. Dix as a Lyrical Gambler

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ½ SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS

THE PLAYERS: Lew Ayres, Alice Faye, Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant, Harry Green. Directed by George Marshall. From the story by Randall H. Faye.

ENLIVENED by the robust antics of Mitchell and Durant, She Learned About Sailors is a tough sentimental little film told in dialogue which, though emasculated, catches the flavor of its background.

Alice Faye plays the girl who does the learning, and Lew Ayres, who shot to fame as the doomed private in All Quiet on the Western Front, again finds himself in uniform, this time in that of the Navy.

She Learned About Sailors is frankly rough-house, but even the censors should get some moments of vigorous fun out of Mitchell and Durant, who were seen as the slapstick diplomats in Stand Up and Cheer.

In this picture the duo act as nautical Cupids for their shipmate Larry Wilson, played by Lew Ayres, who discloses a new and engaging sense of comedy. Uncertain of his ability to support his girl Jean (Alice Faye) on a sailor's pay, Larry decides to give her up after spending a week with her in a visited port where she sings in a café. Mitchell and Durant write her to follow the fleet to the States, where Larry will marry her.

Arriving in America, Jean discovers Larry with another girl, and to make him jealous, dances with a marine, no small offense to any sailor. Larry, ignorant of the letter sent to Jean, thinks that she is through with him, and Jean cannot understand his indifference.

Nothing daunted by one mistake, Mitchell and Durant still guide the love life of Jean and Larry, finally getting them married.

The picture is a success in that it does what it set out to do—provide amiable and unimportant entertainment.

VITAL STATISTICS: A Fox Film; although Mr. William Fox is no longer with the Fox Films. . . . Luscious Alice Faye is Mr. Vallee's ex-torch singer, ex- (innocent) divorce corespondent, and possibly the Mrs. Rudy-to-be after the divorce sets in. Who knows? . . . Lew Ayres is ex-Univ. of Arizona man, having been "discovered" while dancing with Lily Damita at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York, has about thirty rôles tucked in his belt and is being paired in the Hollywood Love Doubles with Ginger Rogers. . . . Mitchell and Durant are a pair of East-Side-born vodvil knockabouts who slapped their way into the movies via the stage Scandals and Vanities. Mitchell dishes it out and Durant takes it.

★ ★ THE SCARLET EMPRESS

THE PLAYERS: Marlene Dietrich, John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser, Maria Seiber, C. Aubrey Smith, Ruthelma Stevens, Olive Tell, Gavin Gordon. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. From the diary of Catherine the Great, arranged by Manuel Komroff.

BASED on Catherine's diary, and covering the same period of her life that the English, and much superior, version did, The Scarlet Empress dwarfs its players and story by the *sur*-realism of its sets and by the elongated and distorted effigies of saints and apostles.

Marlene Dietrich and Gavin Gordon in the film The Scarlet Empress.

Lew Ayres and Alice Faye, at left, leads in She Learned About Sailors.

Una Merkel and Charles Ruggles in Murder in the Private Car.

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With all its wooing of art and greatness, with all its effort at catching the mood of the time, many minor lapses are allowed to creep into the film, such as playing Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries for the battle scenes.

That's the spirit of the whole picture—pretentious and phony. The players, when they get anywhere near the camera, are, with the possible exception of John Lodge, mere puppets in Director Josef von Sternberg's hands. Dietrich's Catherine is beautiful, languorous, and depthless. Sam Jaffe, as Mad Duke Peter, is a Harpo Marxian boogey man.

Maria Seiber, Miss Dietrich's daughter, brings the one natural note to a picture which was killed not because of lack of money or time, but by its grim determination to be unique at any price.

Dietrich, photographed through gauzes and lace, was often shot as many as fifty times for a single close-up. The result is that The Scarlet Empress does not come to you as a polished thing of charm, but as a slow and sometimes beautiful failure, whose players are as dead as the characters they portray.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture, year in the making. Costs close to an unofficial $1,300,000, well over original budget. Reasons: director's lavishness, many retakes, and Hollywood anxiety to outshine English Catherine . . . Director Josef von Sternberg is Viennese boy born Joe Stern in Brooklyn, New York. Speaks with guttural accent, affects monocle, streamlined capes and clothes, slang, and impressive limousines. Once film cutter for Selznick World Pictures at Fort Lee Studios, New York. Made art film Salvation Hunters for $5,000, was hailed immediately as Hollywood artistic genius and financed for several artistic flops by Hollywood intellectuals like Chaplin. Discovered chubby, cute, rosy-cheeked film actress named Marlene Dietrich while abroad and rose immediately to world power on strength of her miraculously appealing legs. . . . The (Legs) Dietrich is really a Mrs. William Seiber, wife of a gentlemanly German. Her recent attempt to popularize men's clothes for women (and hide her shapelies) has dwindled to wearing only full-dress soup-and-fish with huge exaggerated white bow tie to Hollywood openings. Maria Seiber, daughter, aged eight, appears with mamma in this film.

★ ★ MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR

THE PLAYERS: Charlie Ruggles, Una Merkel, Mary Carlisle, Russell Hardie, Willard Robertson, Berton Churchill. Directed by Harry Beaumont. From the play by Edward E. Rose.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR concerns a switchboard operator (Mary Carlisle) who turns out to be the daughter of a railroad millionaire. The young heiress receives a faked telegram from her new-found father, telling her to come East in his private car. Then the action develops with dizzying rapidity and involves such elements as a demented uncle, a gorilla loose from a circus, voices speaking out in the dark, hands reaching from panels, and two or three murders.

All this is, however, mere child's play compared to the final villainous deed. Reaching the top of a grade, the rear car is uncoupled and loaded with dynamite. Gathering speed, its occupants locked in, the car coasts to its doom.

Charlie Ruggles, the detective, with unsuspected intelligence, saves both the car and the heroine. The rest of the cast is unobtrusive enough not to impede the speed of the silly doings, which you may enjoy if you don't mind the picture's many minor faults.

VITAL STATISTICS: An M.-G.-M. quickie, probably costing $200,000 despite. . . . Made from Ed. E. Rose's old play The Rear Car. . . . Charles Ruggles, borrowed from Paramount, is Native Son, forsook pharmaceutical career for stage, and made screen début in old Morosco pictures. . . . Una Merkel is married to business-man Ronald Berles. . . . Mary Carlisle is half-Irish, half-English dancer who has danced over 900 miles in pictures and rehearsals. She's unmarried but gads about with Edgar Allan Woolf, writer, or Billy Blakewell, actor, or Dick Powell, a great pal of Mary Brian. She denies all romances.

½★ HIS GREATEST GAMBLE

THE PLAYERS: Richard Dix, Dorothy Wilson, Bruce Cabot, Erin O'Brien Moore, Edith Fellowes, Shirley Grey. Directed by John Robertson. From the story by Salisbury Field.

RICHARD DIX, that mass of rugged grandeur, goes 100 per cent whimsey in his latest mistake which labors under the title His Greatest Gamble, a little gem that must have been sneaked from one of the lesser known Horatio Alger stories. The picture has one good situation: Dix, a gambler down on his luck, binds and gags a woman in his room, intending no more than robbery. Water, which he had left boiling on the stove, bubbles over, puts out the fire, and the escaping gas asphyxiates the victim.

Dix is accused of murder and spends eleven years in prison. Still bubbling over with love for nature and man, and spouting lines out of second-rate lyrics, he escapes home to visit his daughter, who believes him to be her uncle.

VITAL STATISTICS: Richard Dix was born Ernest Bremmer in St. Paul, Minnesota, narrowly escaping a Los Angeles birth. Nearing forty, Dix is divorced from Winifred Coe, by whom one child, and was recently married to Virginia Webster, his former secretary. French-descent Bruce Cabot started as a kiss tester on the RKO lot, standing in with and clinching girls taking screen tests. He got money for it too! His grandfather was one-time French ambassador to United States. He is married to Adrienne Ames, ex-wife of Stephen Ames, unbroken broker now married to Raquel Torres. Cabot also has been prize-fight sparring partner and bouncer at his own night clubs. . . . Erin O'Brien Moore is a pink shell-like stage recruit. . . . Shirley Grey's father was a Lutheran minister who forbade Shirley to walk on a street where there was a theater. . . . Dorothy Wilson is a graduate studio stenographer who attained immediate screen recognition, then slipped into oblivion, then rose again when called to substitute for leading lady who collapsed in set of Six Girls in a Boat.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

★★★—Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina.

China's Flying Colonel

How the Memory of a "Washed-Out" American Pilot Has Been Enshrined in the Orient

by HARRISON FORMAN

was born in Milwaukee, and adventured in Canada, Mexico, and the United States. He sold airplanes to the Chinese government during the trouble with Japan, and was a machine gunner with the Shanghai Volunteers.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

CHINA has heard of the great Colonel Lindbergh. But out there we have—as they see it—an even greater "Flying Colonel."

He lies under a monument erected by popular subscription, and his grave is a national shrine, visited annually by thousands who come from far and near to pay tribute to the glorious memory of "a true friend of China."

The true story of his canonization never has been told.

Robert McCawley Short was a great pilot. But with a mania for aërial gymnastics. And a spirit of playfulness. Except at the end.

During his training as an army pilot he skylarked among the clouds. He zoomed downward to set herds of cattle racing upon California plains. He nose-dived, full power on, toward the earth, to whip upward again, barely in time, while struts shrieked and braces groaned under a kinetic force which would have ripped the wings from a commercial plane.

And so, sadly, Major Nelson, at the United States Army Air Corps school at March Field, had to "wash him out" finally, and Bob Short became a reserve lieutenant instead of receiving a regular army commission.

It was the $25,000 prize offer of the Tokyo Asahi for the first transpacific flight which took Bob to the Orient in 1931 with Major F. N. Shumaker. They planned to hop the Pacific in the City of Tacoma II, but interminable Japanese obstacles forced the abandonment of the project.

So he came on to China and was chief instructor in the newly established School for Military Air Tactics. Later he came to work for me. I was selling American war planes and engines to the Chinese government.

Just then we received for demonstration a Boeing P-12E single-seater pursuit ship, speed 200 miles and upward. Negotiations for its sale were opened with the Minister of Finance himself, the Harvard-trained T. V. Soong.

Boxed, it was smuggled at midnight from the International Settlement, through Shanghai to Hungjao Airdrome; set up during the night, and test-flown at dawn. Colonel (now General) T. S. Shen, flight product of our own Kelly Field, was the only Chinese capable of flying that eagle-wing Boeing.

Since he was airdrome commandant, he dare not leave. The Japanese morning patrol was about due.

Did Bob want to set that crate down in Nanking and hop the next boat back? He did. "Contact!" A roar, and he disappeared in the morning mists.

Two days passed, and Bob Short, after flying over the villages along the river area where the Jap bombers had made ruthless war, had not reached Nanking.

ROBERT SHORT

The late Robert M. Short and the monument erected by the Chinese nation on his grave at Hungjao.

Grimly silent, we "knew nothing" about rumor after rumor, including one that a mysterious airman daringly had shot a Jap plane down over the Woosung Forts. I got the true story later from eyewitnesses.

Five Chinese war birds had been rolled into the well camouflaged airdrome at Soochow, fifty miles upriver from Shanghai, when Bob Short settled down there and the Boeing was quickly wheeled out of sight.

Then three giant Jap bombers appeared, circling, as if the Japs had rumors of an airdrome somewhere about.

The engines of the Chinese planes were cold and they could not take off in quick pursuit. As they watched terrorized people flee, the pilots raged and shook their fists.

Curtly Bob Short ordered the Boeing out. Mechanics and coolies stared, immobile. "*Quai-ti! Quai-ti!* Hop to it!" and he lashed them with curses.

A roar and a rush, and he made a typically abrupt Bob Short ascent. Swiftly he mounted toward the bombers, well within their "blind spot," below and behind; with his two fixed and synchronized machine guns ready to let loose a blast through the revolving propellers at a pressure of an electric button on the joy stick.

They caught the roar of his motor first, and were maneuvering to bring their "blind spots" under observation when he was upon them. He ripped away with one stream of leaden death. A Jap gunner clutched his throat and slumped forward. As Short zoomed by, he quickly lay the Boeing over on its back, nose down, to spurt forth a second volley of flaming hate.

Belly up, Bob Short was caught by three Jap pursuit ships which dropped plummetlike from the clouds. They raked that Boeing. There was a sharp report, a streak of ghastly smoke. That was Bob Short's shroud.

There was cold anger among the impassive Japanese. An American officer, engaged in aërial battle, had killed a Japanese naval officer.

Of such incidents wars are born. But our fleet was in the Pacific. No war came.

To his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Short, at Olympia, Washington, Minister Soong cabled condolences and begged to keep Bob's body in China, "where his undying glory will not only be an inspiration to Chinese youth, but will also become a bond of friendship between America and China."

And so to Bob Short was given an impressive funeral with full military honors—on the spot where he fell. There his monument has become a national shrine. And on that monument, on which is inscribed in Chinese characters "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends," he is given a rank equal to that of Lindbergh: he is a colonel of the Chinese Air Force.

THE END

Why Roosevelt

A Revelation of the Hidden Perils and Problems of Population Which Led the Navy to Persuade the President to Consider Them at Close Range

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

FOR the first time since they became part of the United States of America, the Hawaiian Islands are being visited by a Chief Executive of the nation.

President Roosevelt's visit is timely. With the rise of Japan in the Pacific the Hawaiian Islands have become America's most serious territorial problem—perhaps the nation's gravest danger spot. On one of the smaller of these four islands (not counting islets), two thousand miles from our Pacific coast and in the latitude of Mexico City, is the great naval and military establishment which provides our first-line—and almost our only—defense on the Pacific. It consists of the largest fort under the Stars and Stripes, Schofield, the only one equipped to hold a whole army division, and several smaller forts; and our most expensive naval base.

Is this important defense layout of 20,000 officers and men backed by a population—out there in the mid-Pacific—of loyal Americans who could be relied upon to give full support to our isolated forces in time of war?

It is not. Our army and navy forces are sunk in a population of 400,000, only one out of sixteen of whom is an American whose background and interest connect him with the continental United States of America. Nine out of ten are Asiatic, nearly half are Japanese; one out of three Japanese is still a subject of the Mikado, sworn to sacrifice his life for him after the Japanese fashion of loyalty. The rest are sons and daughters of the alien subjects, just coming of voting age, and are citizens born under the United States flag, but still under the parental and economic domination of their alien fathers.

No wonder our navy is worried. No wonder it has prevailed upon President Roosevelt to go out to Hawaii on a warship and look over the situation. And no wonder the President, after failing to get his bill for appointing a mainland governor to Hawaii through Congress, wants to see for himself and talk with responsible members of all the communities on the islands.

The situation is complicated by the position of the sugar barons—the "Big Five" firms who "own" Hawaii; composed of descendants of the Yankee missionaries who fell heir to the islands. They take tens of millions out of its red volcanic loam with Oriental labor, and sell their product inside the United States tariff wall. President Roosevelt has just put them on a quota which keeps, they say, $7,000,000 out of their pockets this year—12½ per cent of the value of their crop.

And it is further complicated by the fact that Hawaii—a full territory of the United States of America—has asked, as it has legal right to, for membership in the Union as a full self-governing state, sending voting Senators and Representatives to Congress. And in California, nearest neighbor, where Orientalization was prevented, a movement has just been started to fight the request for statehood which high Hawaiian officials are putting up to President Roosevelt.

The young Americans of Japanese ancestry, who are now the plurality and are rapidly becoming the majority vote in the territory, don't know much about America. Few of them get to the mainland, and when they do they feel themselves visitors of a strange race. In the islands they read Japanese newspapers published in Japanese and English, carrying mostly news from Nippon, which, when using the character for "us," "we," or "our government," mean the Japanese, or the government at Tokyo. They listen to radio speeches in Japanese and to Japanese music and entertainment. They go to high schools with mainland teachers and fine American equipment, with names like "McKinley" and "Roosevelt," and they compose most of the student body at the splendid

Goes to Hawaii

by UPTON CLOSE

ROBERT A. CAMERON

University of Hawaii, but they speak a distinct brogue that marks them anywhere for life.

After their public-school hours they attend, compelled by their parents, Japanese-language schools where they are taught by teachers mostly fresh from Nippon, fanatic in Japan's cause and her "divine mission in the world." They become members of the Young Men's or Young Women's Buddhist Associations, which hold huge picnics and conventions in Hawaii presided over by priests from Japan; and scores of them go as delegates each year to the ancestral land on cheap rates provided by the Japanese government shipping lines. When they get through school they have to go to work for their alien fathers and uncles.

THEY haven't much chance to become good Americans, as most of them would like to do. When we fought Germany a couple of hundred of them went to France, were our best fighters, and a score came back officers. If the likelihood of conflict were between the United States and any other nation than Japan, these stepsons of ours would be our best recruits. It is too much to ask them to fight the motherland that is spiritually much nearer to them than we are—although I am sure numbers of them would do it. Many others would not, especially the young women. Many Japanese boys would be put in the terrible position of traitors to the United States by mothers and sweethearts who would commit suicide, after the Japanese manner of protest, if they lifted their hands against the sacred emperor or failed to serve when called upon in his name.

Now you can understand that portion of a recent Japanese novel describing the coming Japanese-American war, a novel indorsed and partly written by the Japanese admiral who is head of the imperial fighting fleet, which pictures the complete discomfiture of American forces by acts of sabotage and intelligence by Japanese of Hawaii performed under direction from the Japanese high command, and under threat of terrible punishment by fellow Japanese.

The young Japanese of Hawaii, with whom I have mingled and whom I like very much, just don't want to think about a war between Japan and America. It is too terrible for them. Several have confided to me that they would commit suicide. They want to be both Japanese and Americans. They want to think of themselves as a connecting link. But in the face of Japan's militarism and ambitions, the United States demands a community and a loyalty in Hawaii that are above suspicion.

These are facts about beautiful Hawaii that do not reach the American public through its pleasing and active tourist bureau. Mainlanders, however, may well be more intrigued by them than by hula dancers. For four little islands lying two thousand miles from the coast of America provide a miniature of the social, economic, and political problems that arise when civilization comes to a primitive people, when races mingle, when standards of living differ extremely, and when a new nation beyond rises to challenge the earlier comer.

ONLY a century and a half ago Captain Cook came, introducing the elements which brought about the practical disappearance of the native Polynesian. It wasn't so much the few white men who landed and settled as the pressure of vast forces behind them. Later, for his own profit, the white man brought in the yellow man. Will history repeat itself with the white man displaced in turn?

Captain Cook brought to the stone-age Hawaiians living in harsh communalism under a tyrannical aristocracy the fundamental conception of competitive civilization. "We learned from the white men," wrote a Hawaiian of this time, "that *property* is what belongs to the *white man*." When it came to what belonged to the islanders, Cook entered heartily into their communistic spirit. But he shot a chief who assumed that the idea worked both ways and appropriated a nail off his ship.

The daughter of a chieftainess who was sent by her mother as a mark of favor to Cook's ship brought back venereal disease to the island, and scourges of mumps and cholera helped in reducing the population, estimated by Cook at 400,000 (probably too high), by one half during the next twenty years. The intelligent and constructive Vancouver who had been disapproving junior officer under Cook revisited the islands in his own right on the voyages on which he named most of the geographical features of our north Pacific coast. He supplied encouragement and equipment to a young chief, Kamehameha, to unite the warring tribes into one empire, which Kamehameha accomplished with twenty years of fighting and immense loss of life. Thus began in the early nineteenth century the short-lived kingdom of Hawaii.

Kamehameha's successors were distracted first by the Yankee north Pacific whaler men and sealer men who made their islands a happy hunting ground during the winter months, and then by the Yankee missionaries who came to save the natives from these seafarers and traders. It became a weekly competition as to whether the ruffians could get the king and his court drunk on Sunday or whether the missionaries could get them to church. The abortive annexation of the islands by a British admiral in 1842 was defeated by the advice and aid of a missionary, Dr. Judd, who carried the case over the head of the admiral to Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister of England, at the same time arousing high feeling throughout the United States against the admiral's action.

The success and personal bravery of Dr. Judd auto-

Schofield army barracks, Hawaii — "the only one under the Stars and Stripes equipped to hold a whole army division."

matically brought the missionaries into power. From that time on they provided the dominant members of the king's cabinet and soon were making all the laws, although those who "went with Cæsar" resigned formal mission connections.

By 1860 the islands were completely Christianized, according to missionary reports read in triumph in every Sunday school in America, and the mission officially closed up, leaving the missionaries' sons in possession of lands and power in the little kingdom. These boys had gone home for college educations, but found no opportunities on the continent such as lay before them in the salubrious mid-Pacific. The missionary founders in Hawaii, Judd and Hiram Bingham the First, and before long Castle and Cook and Atherton—there were never more than 200 of them in the islands at one time—were strong characters of the dynasty-building type, and their sons, mellowed by native culture and some native blood, but splendid of physique and still possessed of the Yankee urge to get things done, developed the first scientific nitrate-fertilized sugar-growing on the volcanic ash slopes left vacant by the dying nobility of the rugged islands.

Eventually the Binghams went back to Connecticut, to make history in the World War and Congress and in the diplomatic circles of Tokyo and other capitals. The Castles and Athertons, too, have enriched our diplomatic service. A strangeling in the nest was the nineteen-year-old Mormon missionary Reed Smoot, who founded in Hawaii the second greatest Mormon community in the world, put the Mormon Church into the sugar business, and built a prestige in Congress that made him Hawaii's and sugar's chief protector there for many years.

THE sons inherited a kingdom containing one hundred thousand-odd Hawaiians who had been taught to wear clothes, go to church on Sunday, and legalize their marriages, but whom even the Hiram Binghams couldn't teach to work. The missionaries, I am convinced, had no thought of unduly profiting from native labor; rather they possessed the Yankee belief that work was necessary to the salvation of the soul and they wanted to save the Hawaiians' souls even if they extinguished the race. The tolerant, suffering natives did not hate the missionaries for that viewpoint, which may appear to us of the NRA and AAA sublimely ridiculous. But they got out of the way.

So the sons imported labor: first, Chinese. The thrifty Chinese saved up and became merchants and middlemen, and their sons went into the professions. Their grandsons comprise the older, substantial minority of Hawaii's present Oriental community. The sugar planters next imported Japanese. As the Japanese left the plantations, came the Portuguese, Filipinos, Puerto Ricans—anybody. That gave the planters cheap production.

The Yankee sons (there were some Scotchmen and a German or two among them) wanted also high prices. Early they negotiated in the name of the King of Hawaii the only complete tariff reciprocity treaty ever granted by Congress. When the Hawaiian royal line petered out they pulled off a little republican revolution and took open control. But they wanted a more secure place inside the United States tariff wall, and they were desperately fearful lest Great Britain, Germany, Japan, or Russia should grab them. So when, in 1898, Admiral Dewey stopped in Honolulu to refit his fleet en route to Manila they served notice on the United States fleet to get out—it was violating neutrality.

The only practical way America could stop violating Hawaii's neutrality was to annex her. So, after holding out for fifty years, Washington, swept by the temporary wave of imperialism, accepted the Hawaiian Islands as a territory of the United States. Japan never agreed. That old sea dog, Admiral Togo, hung ominously off Honolulu harbor in his flagship in protest against the annexation ceremonies.

The Hawaiian plantation aristocracy have a fascinating history and live an ideal life, and they are charming and kingly people, but in two generations they have created a situation which now becomes the greatest anxiety of our American defense forces, and as such, of sufficient concern to require the personal visit of the Chief Executive.

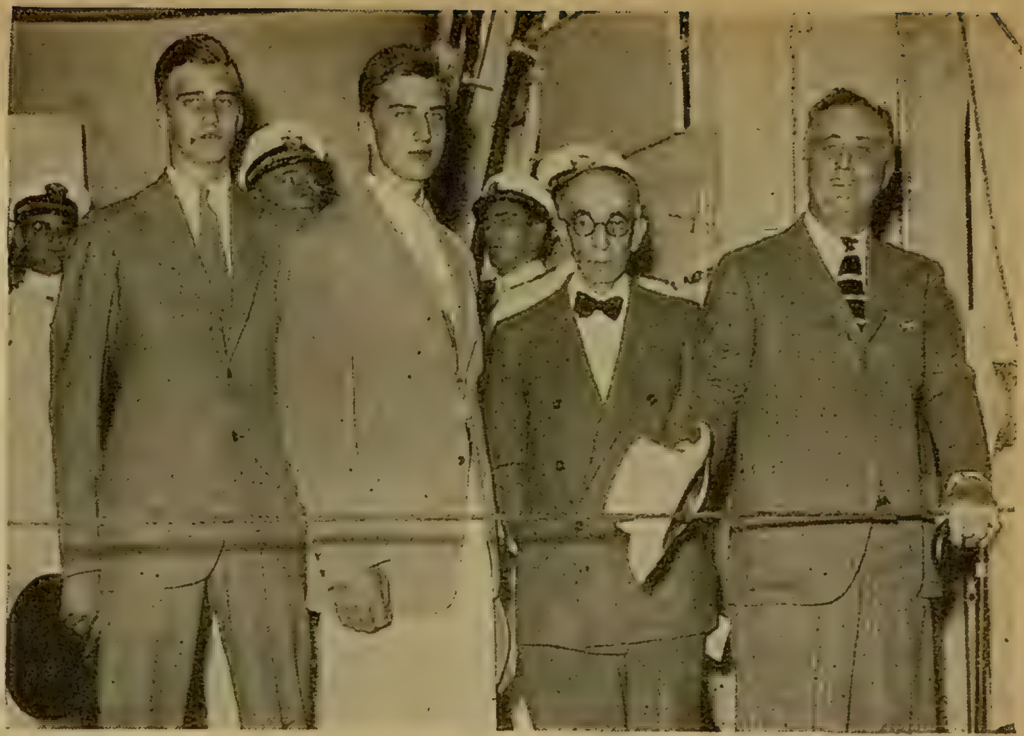
NOW the territory, after three decades of very pleasant drifting in its fundamental economic, racial, and political problems, finds itself in the narrows with definite piloting indicated.

The easy control of its internal politics by the big planters has come smack up against a new voting plurality of sons and daughters of their erstwhile Japanese laborers. President Roosevelt refuses to respect the tacit bargain of the Sugar Planters' Association with both American political parties to let them nominate their territorial governor, for which the sugar men had contributed generously and without favoritism to both Republican and Democratic chests. The last door through which the planters could draw fresh Asiatic labor as desired has been closed by the acceptance of the Philippine Independence Act, which makes our erstwhile stepchildren just alien strangers again so far as the immigration service is concerned.

The old patriarchal relationship of Hawaii's communities is now clouded by the economic and social ambitions of the plantation-freed and high-school-educated Asiatics, and by their absolute necessity either to find a secure place in the American system, or else to merge themselves with the hopes of a rising Pacific Asia. The noisy rise of Japan from which the new Hawaiian voting plurality stems is like thunder presaging a storm.

Theoretically aloof from the internal situation, but tremendously concerned with it, is the community of 20,000 officers and wives and men of the line of the United States defense forces. There has been much friction between this community and civilian Hawaii, bursting in what now is generally regarded as the false climax of the Massie rape and murder, and smoothing off since. But for reasons external and internal all communities in Hawaii would fear to see the forces go, as they pay constant tribute to all forms of island business.

The navy and its problems primarily have brought the President to the mid-Pacific. His tour means both a change and a solidification of national policy toward its one great foreign problem. The recension of the Philippines marks the definite end of McKinley-Theodore Roosevelt imperialism and American insular expansion; but the rebuilding of the American fleet marks the tightening up of the American demand for square dealing and treaty respect. Involved is the necessity of preventing our Paradise of the Pacific from drifting further into the state of a fool's paradise.



Acme photos

The President off for his cruise to Hawaii. With him are his sons John and Franklin, and Rudolph Forster, White House clerk.

With the President's visit, the mainland United States steps in, a colossus insisting that Hawaii is firstly important as the outpost of the white man's standard of living and America's first line of defense. This may hinder idealistic experiments in racial harmony, it may point up racial self-consciousness. But it is welcome sodium bicarbonate on a fermenting stomach.

"Say nothing about race!" say idealists in Hawaii. "Don't even imply that government by popular vote may not develop as freely here as anywhere on earth! Let the Japanese boys and girls pass through their American textbooks with no insinuation that their future is any different than that of American youth growing up anywhere in the great Union. Good will heals all resentments."

This falls down when Honolulu high-school students of Japanese ancestry write bitterly in their school papers that the jobs dispensed by the Big Five employers to the yearly crop of graduates go to their white seat mates but not to them.

The claim of the barons that they are making plantation work so enticing that this new generation will be drawn back to the land is empty in the face of a survey taken by a Honolulu youth magazine showing that high-school graduates who did go back a year ago averaged the enticing sum of $21.21 per month through the year, out of which they had to pay for food, clothing, light, amusements, insurance or savings, and educational and æsthetic necessities.

WHEN Japanese officers in the Hawaiian reserve, men who fought under the Stars and Stripes in France and would be our best fighters against any nation except Japan, are not called to training camp, as happened this year, while officers of Chinese ancestry are, good will is destroyed. But what responsible military commander would dare to take the risk? Suppose among the young Japanese reserve officers only one, at a crucial moment, turned out to be an agent of Tokyo's War Office!

If the Sun were not rising so fast to the west, the good will which has been cultivated earnestly and professionally in Hawaii *might* solve its questions. But the rising Sun of Japanese imperialism is scorching the tender plant.

UPTON CLOSE *made the whole world sit up with his book, The Revolt of Asia—a fruit of his years of experience in the Far East as newspaper correspondent, U. S. investigator, and adviser and official in China; also as explorer. His real name is Josef Washington Hall.*

Since the Japanese laborers left the plantations a much less desirable type from the Philippines and Puerto Rico has been brought in, and the number of aliens in the islands from 1930 to 1933 actually increased by the unhealthy figure of 34,800. Some may congratulate themselves that this new influx is of a permanently peon type without the ambition or inspiration that agitates the Japanese.

In the end, however, a peonized Hawaii would not be a greatly more desirable picture than one inclined, according to Wilson's dictum of self-determination, to vote itself into the Japanese Empire!

Is there any solution for Hawaii? To one willing to think it through there can appear only two alternatives. Robbing the people of the islands of constitutional government is no permanent solution; merely an expedient for emergency. Either they must in the end be released to the Oriental world which has nearly submerged them, or they must be brought drastically into the American economic system. The American standard of living must be made to pertain throughout. The population which cannot be made American in pigmentation must at least be made thoroughly American in economic status. There is no prospect of peace or gain in keeping the American flag over a community whose economic as well as racial kinship is with a self-assertive Asia.

Having a "first line of defense" in that condition is like a prize fighter relying on a right hand with festered fingers.

The application of the New Deal in Hawaii has brought all this out into daylight. When General Johnson applied the NRA to the islands, it was discovered that two communities were trying to live intermingled there with entirely different standards of working hours, income, and outgo. The vague lines between these communities became suddenly sharpened. Johnson's administrator in the islands, one Mr. Gullion, finds himself pulled and hauled both ways as *haole* (white) business and crafts try to use the codes to exterminate Oriental competition, and as the Oriental businesses and services insist upon latitudes necessary to their survival, but which would, with their low prices advertised by the fuss, take everything away from the whites.

The whole question goes back to the plantations, which thus far don't come under the NRA at all! Japanese and cheap Chinese business must either live off plantation laborers' patronage or off higher-class business taken away from the white firms. But the laborers cannot support American standard-of-living business unless they are drawing American standard-of-living wages.

The Big Five claim they are now paying the Oriental workmen as much as the average farm hand today gets in the Middle West. However, the Middle West farm hand's present income is at an unprecedented (and we must assume a temporary) low, and his wages are a small fraction of the retail purchasing power of America, whereas they are the main item in Hawaii.

THE simple outsider is prone to ask why, if the plantations are willing, as they claim, to pay white wages, they cannot employ white labor, drawing a few ten thousands of our mainland unemployed to a section which has a much better working climate than most parts of the U. S. A.

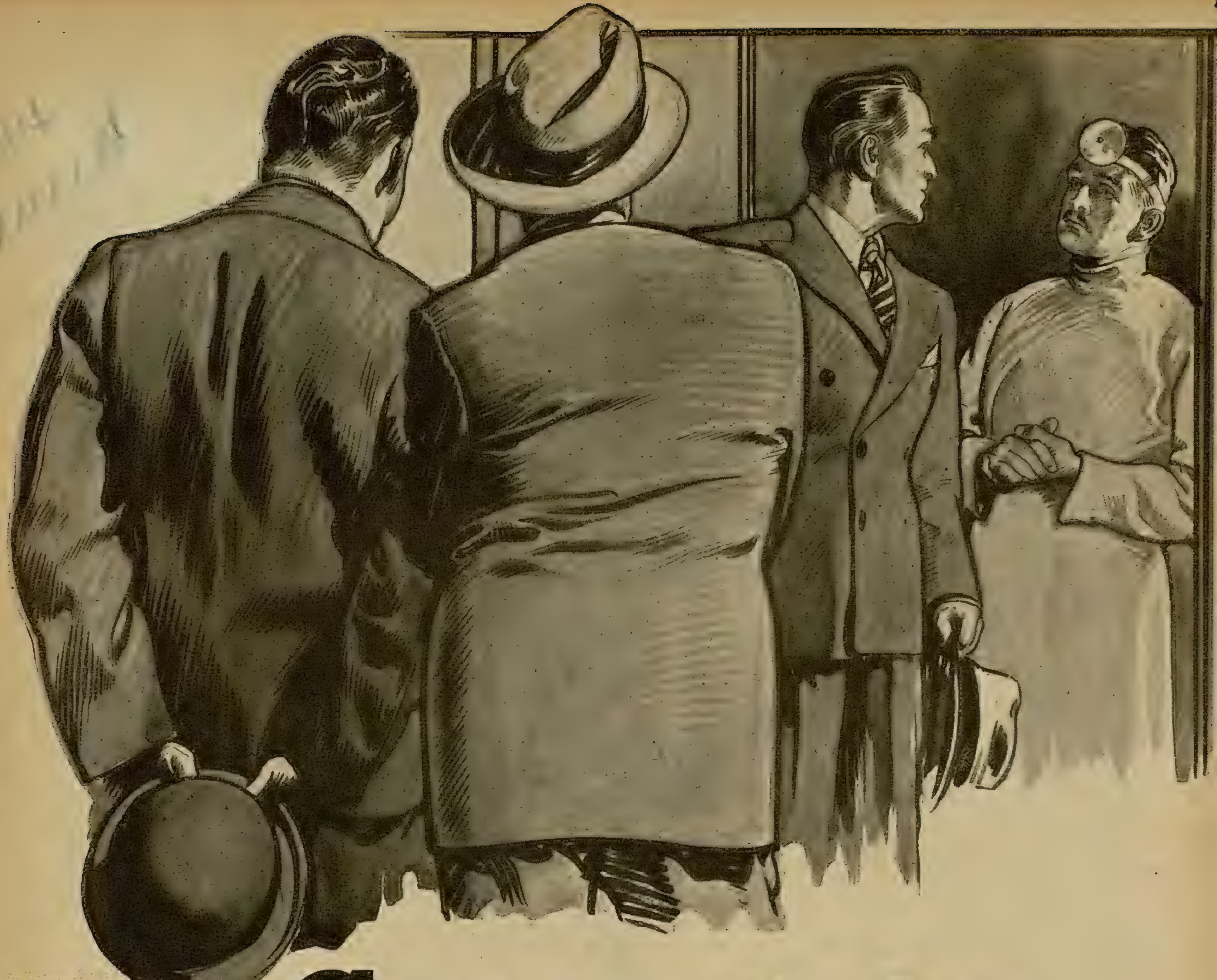
Can the plantation barons get enough for their sugar within the American tariff wall to put Hawaii on the American standard of living—to make its population really part of the American body economic? What adjustments will they try in view of the new limitation of Filipino labor and the placing of quota limitations on their sales?

These things they must talk over with Franklin D. Roosevelt.

These are fundamental things. At least it is obvious that the charming cane-raisers cannot work both ends against the middle any longer. America's interests and national defense come first.

Such are the fundamental questions concerning the little islands of Hawaii that vitally affect American economic, racial, and political destiny in the Pacific.

THE END



The Case of the Curious

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 59 SECONDS

RHODA MONTAINE is suspected of the murder of Gregory Moxley, arch-swindler of women. Perry Mason, lawyer, is convinced of her innocence and is preparing to defend her.

Moxley was slain with an iron poker in his apartment about 2 A. M. Neighbors heard him in an argument with a woman; then they heard the sound of a blow and of a body as it hit the floor. Both before and after the killing his doorbell rang persistently, but when police arrived the dying Moxley was alone.

No fingerprints were on the poker, indicating the slayer wore gloves. A container of keys lay on the floor and these were identified as Rhoda's by her husband, Carl W. Montaine. He also told Mason his wife had tried to drug him and had slipped out of their home a short time before the murder. He named Dr. Claude Millsap, a former admirer of Rhoda, as a possible accomplice in the killing.

Mason finds Rhoda at an airport, preparing to board a plane. She said Moxley was her former husband who had stolen her savings, then disappeared, seven years ago. When she married Montaine, son of an aristocratic millionaire, Moxley, whom she had believed dead, reappeared and tried to blackmail her. In an argument with him she admitted striking him with the poker, but Mason suspects she is trying to shield somebody. Two detectives arrest her and Mason hurries back to his office and notifies his secretary, Della Street, and Paul Drake, a private detective, that he is going out to " give Dr. Millsap the works."

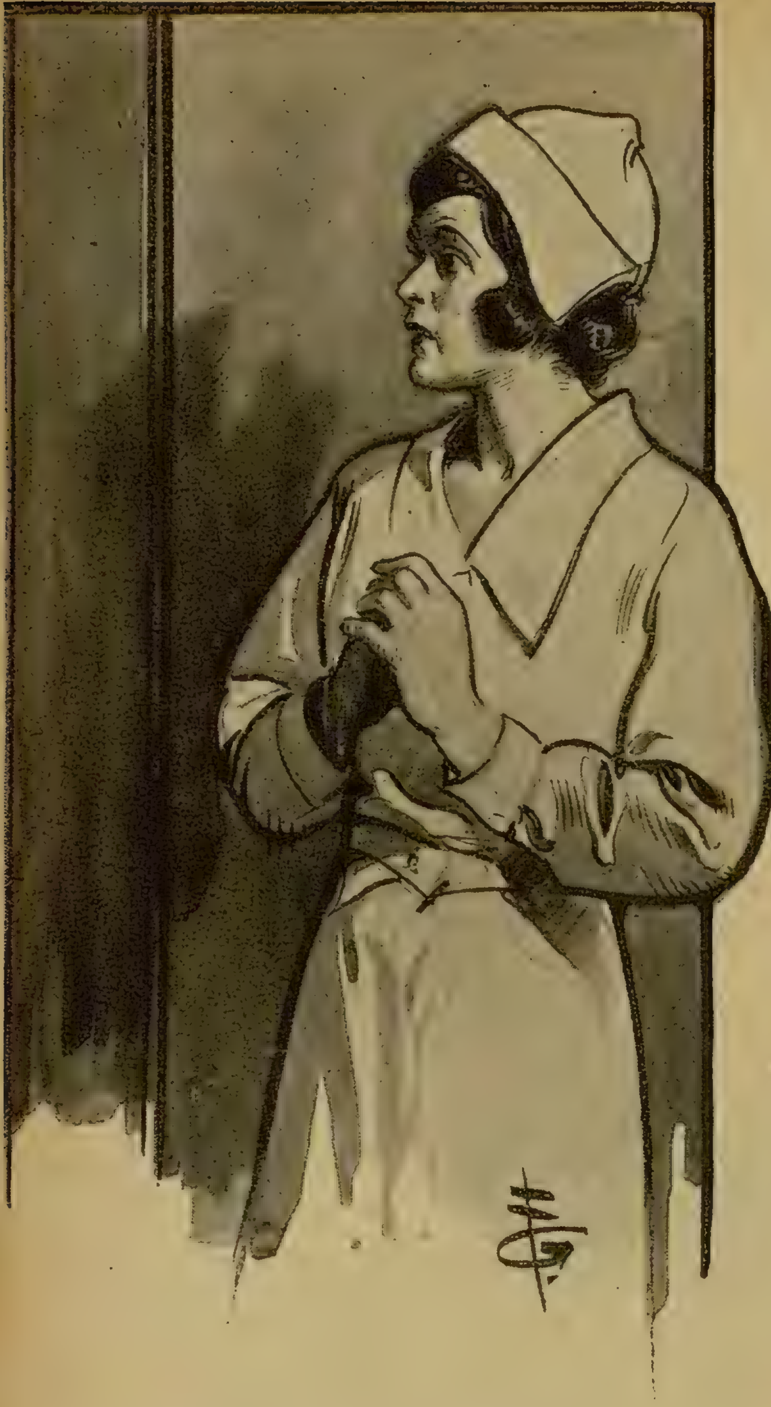
PART FIVE—THE DOCTOR'S CONFESSION

DR. CLAUDE MILLSAP'S nurse bristled with righteous indignation. " You can't go through that door," she said. " That's Dr. Millsap's private office. He doesn't see people without an appointment."

Charged with Murder and in Desperate Plight, Rhoda Makes a Damaging Admission—and Perry Mason Meets a New, Dangerous Antagonist. Don't Fail to Follow This Challenging Mystery Novel

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN



Perry Mason jerked his head toward Dr. Millsap. "I see there are two detectives who wish to talk with you."

Bride

Perry Mason strode to the door and pushed it open. Dr. Millsap wore a white smock. A concave mirror was fastened about his forehead with a leather strap, giving him a decidedly professional appearance.

"It happens," Mason said slowly, "that time's valuable. I didn't have any to waste in preliminaries."

Dr. Millsap squared his shoulders.

"I don't know who you are," he said, "and I certainly don't understand the meaning of this unwarranted intrusion. I am going to call the police."

Perry Mason's feet were planted wide apart—his chin belligerent, his eyes cold and steady.

"When you get the police on the telephone, doctor," he said, "explain to them just how it happened that you made out a false burial certificate for Gregory Lorton in February of 1929. You can also explain to them how it happened that you gave Rhoda Montaine a .32-caliber automatic, with instructions to shoot Gregory Moxley."

Dr. Millsap ran his tongue along the line of his dry lips. Mason closed the door.

"Who are you?" asked Dr. Millsap.

"I'm Rhoda Montaine's attorney."

"Where is she?"

"Under arrest," Perry Mason said slowly, "for murder."

"How did you happen to come here?"

"Because I wanted to find out about that death certificate and the gun."

"Sit down," said Dr. Millsap, and dropped into a chair as he spoke, as though his knees had lost their strength.

Perry Mason shot out his left arm, doubled it smartly at the elbow so he could consult the dial of his wrist watch.

"You've got ten seconds," he said, "to start talking."

Dr. Millsap took a deep breath. Quick panic-stricken words poured from his lips like water from a hose.

"YOU don't understand. You wouldn't adopt that attitude if you did. You're Rhoda Montaine's attorney. I'm her best friend. I'm in love with her. I care more for her than anything in the world."

"Why did you sign the death certificate?" Perry Mason asked.

"So she could collect the life insurance," the doctor answered.

"What was wrong with the life insurance?"

"We couldn't prove that Gregory Lorton had died," Dr. Millsap said. "There was a rumor that he had been in an airplane wreck. The records of the transportation company showed that he'd purchased a ticket to go on that plane, but we couldn't prove conclusively that he had been on the plane.

"Then a charity patient, a man of about the size, build, and age of Gregory Lorton, tried to get admission to the Sunnyside Hospital. I saw that he was suffering from pneumonia and was almost certain to die. I told him that if he would consent to use the name of Gregory Lorton, and answer questions as to his father's and his mother's name and address in a certain way, I could get him into the hospital. The man did it. I didn't try to hasten his end—in fact I tried my best to save his life. But he passed away. I made out a death certificate, and the insurance company paid the policies."

"Ever try to get Rhoda to marry you?"

Dr. Millsap's face flushed.

"Yes," he admitted.

"Why didn't she?" Mason put the question bluntly.

"She swore that she'd never marry again. She had lost her faith in men. The thought of Gregory Lorton's perfidy numbed her emotional nature."

"Then out of a clear sky she married this millionaire's son?" asked Perry Mason.

"She wanted something to mother. She found just what she was looking for in this weak son of rich parents, a young man whose character was commencing to disintegrate."

"Naturally you objected to the match?"

"Naturally," Millsap said in a voice edged with suffering. "But I care more for Rhoda than I do for life itself. Anything that will make her happy is the thing that I want. So I stepped out of the picture."

Perry Mason put question after question. The answers came unhesitatingly. Rhoda's marriage with Carl Montaine had not interfered with the friendship between her and Dr. Millsap. Then Lorton, or Moxley, had reappeared. Threatened with jail by some one he had swindled, he demanded money from Rhoda: two thousand dollars at once and ten thousand later. Rhoda hadn't known what to do.

Moxley had insisted that if she didn't give it to him he would have her arrested for working a fraud on the life-insurance company; also for bigamy.

"So what happened?" Mason demanded.

"So she faced Moxley, told him that if he didn't clear out she'd have him arrested for the embezzlement of her savings."

"And you gave her a gun with which to kill Moxley if the opportunity presented itself?"

Dr. Millsap's shake of the head was vehement.

"I gave her a gun," he said, "because I wanted her to have something to protect herself with if it became necessary. I knew that this man Lorton, or Moxley, would lie, steal, or kill in order to accomplish his purpose."

"Did you know she was going to see Moxley last night?"

DR. MILLSAP'S eyes shifted from Perry Mason. He fidgeted uneasily in his chair.

"No," he said.

Mason snorted.

"If," he said without rancor, "you can't lie better than that on the witness stand, you're not going to make Rhoda a very good witness."

"The witness stand!" exclaimed Millsap in dismay.

Mason nodded.

"The district attorney will call you to testify against Rhoda. He'll try to show a motive for the murder. That motive will be an attempt on the part of Rhoda to conceal the fraud she perpetrated on the insurance company. Therefore he'll show the fictitious death certificate. You know where that's going to leave you."

Dr. Millsap's glance was one of dismay.

Perry Mason stared steadily at him.

"You knew that Rhoda was going to meet Gregory Moxley at two o'clock in the morning, doctor?"

"Yes," Millsap said.

"Where were *you* at two o'clock in the morning?"

"Asleep, of course."

Perry Mason said tonelessly, "Can you prove it?"

"I can prove it the same way any ordinary individual can. I went to bed and slept through until morning. Under the circumstances, I should think my statement would be sufficient."

"It would, doctor," Mason said impressively, "if it weren't for the fact that the district attorney will question your Japanese servant about a telephone call that came in at two o'clock in the morning, and the statement that your Japanese manservant made that—"

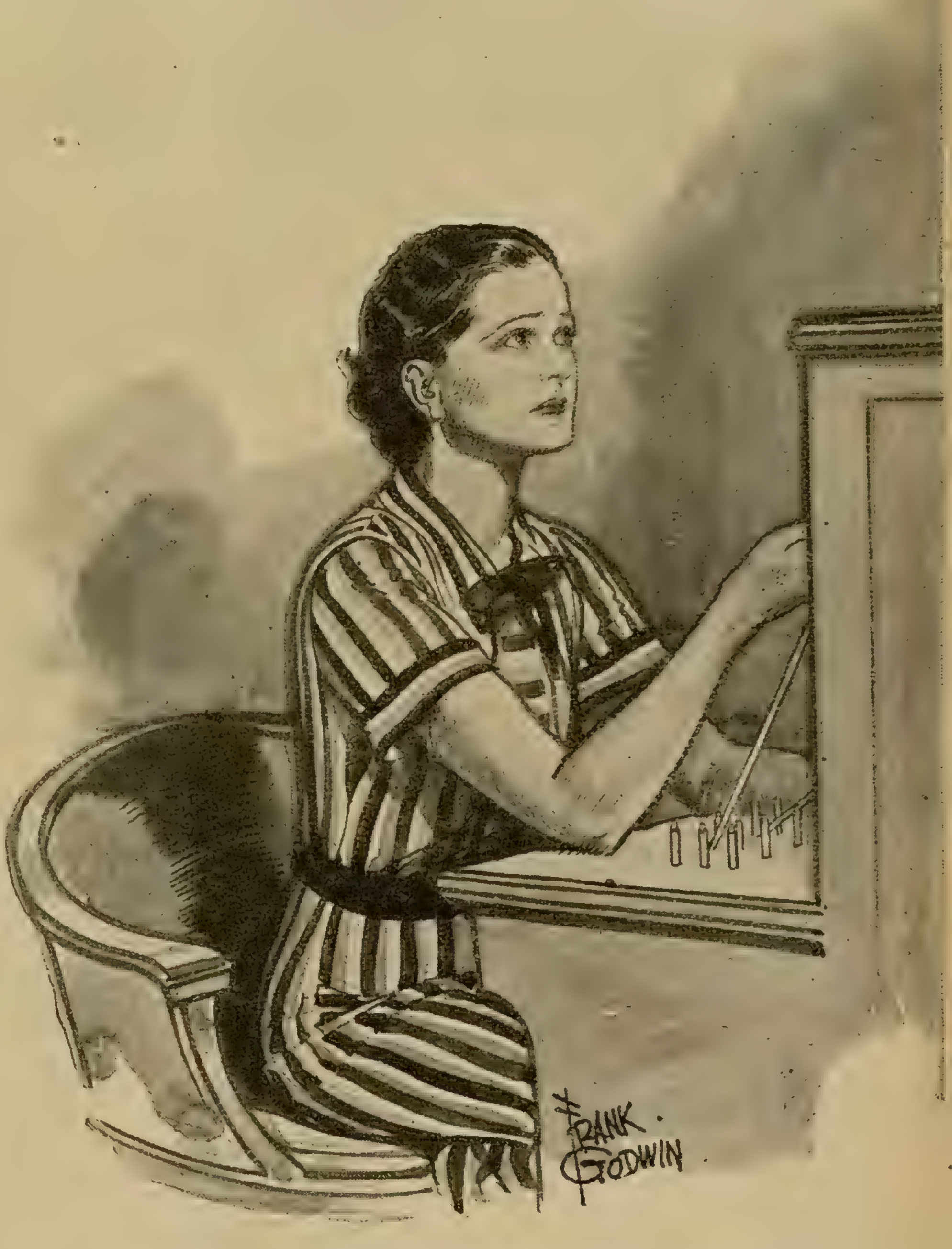
"Good God!" Millsap said. "How could the district attorney have found out about that telephone call?"

"Suppose," the lawyer suggested, "you tell me the facts."

Tortured words spilled from the doctor's mouth:

"I was at Moxley's house. Not at two o'clock but later. I woke up and couldn't sleep. I wondered if Rhoda was all right. I got up and dressed, drove to Norwalk Avenue. Rhoda's car was parked on a side street. I looked up at Moxley's apartment. The windows were all dark. I rang the bell of Moxley's apartment. No one answered. I held my finger against the bell for almost a minute, then waited a minute, then held my finger against the bell for another minute.

"I became alarmed when no one answered. I decided to prowl around the back of the house and see if there was any way I could get in. I drove around the block, left my car, came through the alley, and then saw that lights were on in Moxley's apartment. I figured my ringing the doorbell had wakened him, so I walked around past the side street to go to the front of the house and ring the bell again, and then saw that Rhoda's car was gone."



"When you were ringing the doorbell," Mason said, "could you hear the sounds of any struggle?"

"No, I couldn't hear anything."

Perry Mason frowned thoughtfully.

"You don't look well," he said.

"How do you think I'd look? This thing has been preying on my mind ever since Rhoda told me that Lorton was alive and in the city. I haven't been able to sleep. I haven't been able to eat."

"What," asked Perry Mason, "would you advise a patient to do if he came to you in that mental state?"

"What are you driving at?"

"Would you advise, perhaps, a long ocean voyage?"

"I'd certainly advise a change of scenery. I wouldn't want—"

Millsap stopped speaking abruptly in the middle of the sentence.

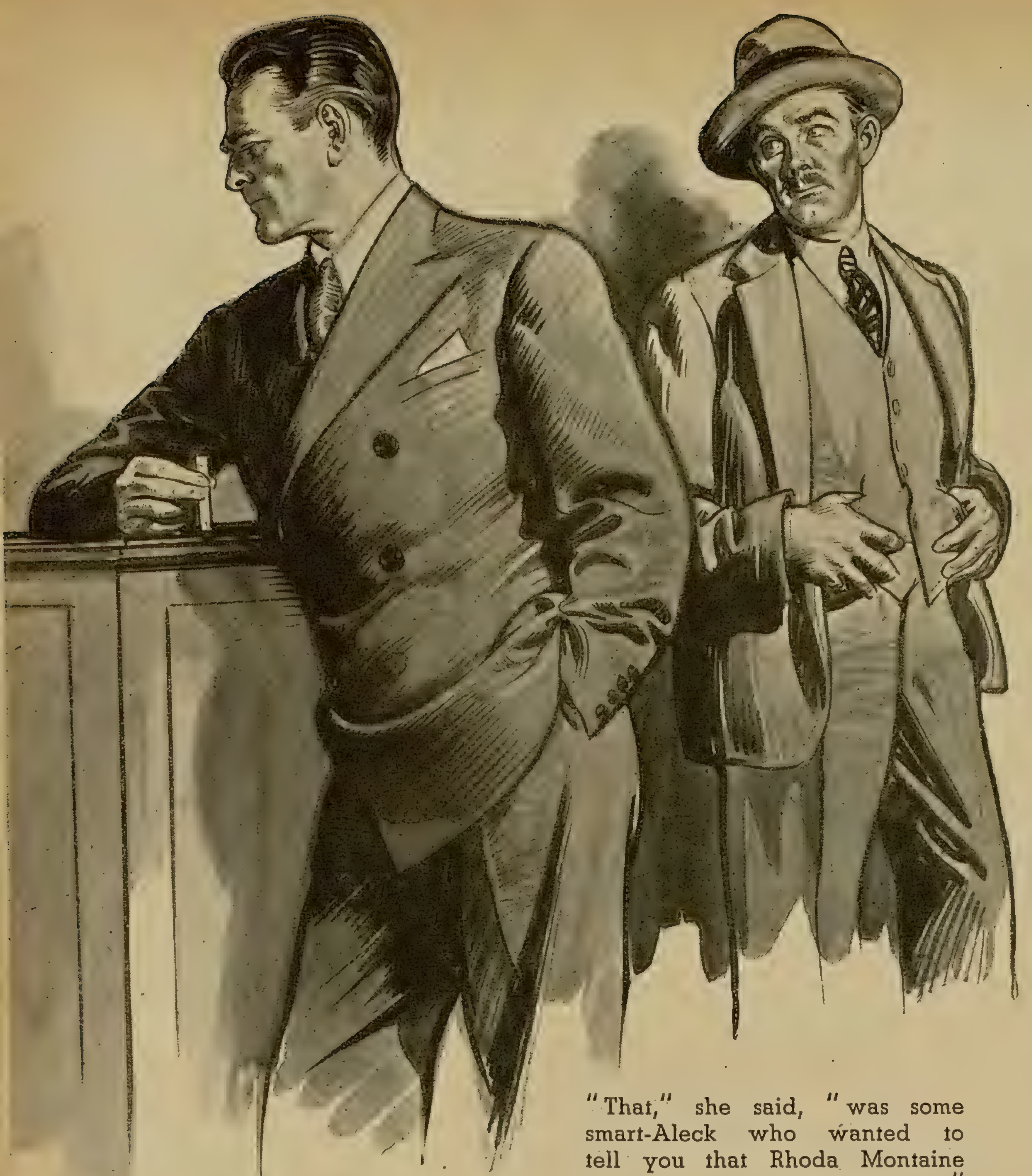
"You mean that I should get out where they can't reach me?" he asked, a sudden hope dawning in his eyes.

"Your presence here," Mason said, "would do Rhoda more harm than good. What I'm suggesting, however, has nothing to do with Rhoda. It's merely the fact that you don't look well."

Millsap jumped to his feet, grabbed Mason's hand and pumped it up and down.

"Thank you so much, counselor," he said.

There was the sound of a commotion from the outer office, the protesting voice of the nurse.



"That," she said, "was some smart-Aleck who wanted to tell you that Rhoda Montaine was being charged with murder."

Perry Mason jerked open the door. The two detectives who had arrested Rhoda Montaine at the airport stood staring at him with incredulous surprise.

"Well, well!" said one of the men to the lawyer. "You certainly *do* get around."

Perry Mason jerked his head toward Dr. Millsap.

"I see there are two detectives of the homicide bureau who wish to talk with you, doctor," he said. "I won't delay you any longer. Incidentally, as an attorney, I might tell you that you don't have to answer any questions you don't want to, and if I were in your place I wouldn't."

Mason pushed his way past the two men, left the office without looking back.

MORNING sun streamed through the windows of Perry Mason's office. The telephone rang. Paul Drake entered the room as Della Street's busy fingers snapped keys on the telephone board.

Perry Mason opened the door of the inner office.

"For you, chief," she said, indicating the telephone.

Mason grinned at the detective.

"See if it's anything important, Della," he said.

Paul Drake held out a couple of newspapers.

"She's spilled her guts," he said.

Perry Mason's shoulders squared. Slowly he smiled.

Della Street slammed the keys back into place, looked up at Perry Mason with a face that was white with rage.

"What's your trouble, sister?" Mason asked.

"That," she said, "was some smart-Aleck at headquarters who wanted to tell you—in a voice that fairly oozed with gloating triumph—that Rhoda Montaine had just finished signing a statement in the district attorney's office, and that you could see her now at any time—that you wouldn't need a writ of *habeas corpus;* that she was being charged with murder in the first degree."

Perry Mason stared down at her without changing a muscle of his facial expression. Then he turned to Drake.

"Come in, Paul," he said.

The man entered Mason's inner office, closed the door. Paul Drake whipped over a newspaper.

"What does she say?" Mason asked.

"She says that Moxley was trying to blackmail her; that he insisted on her coming to see him at two o'clock in the morning; that she got up while her husband was asleep and went to see Moxley; that she rang the doorbell for several minutes and couldn't get in, so she turned around, got in the car, and went home."

"DOES she say anything about how she rang the bell?"

"Yes—pushing her finger against the button and holding it there for several seconds at a time because she thought perhaps Moxley was asleep."

"And then," Perry Mason said, "I suppose they flashed the fact of the garage key on her and asked her to explain how it got in Moxley's apartment if she hadn't been able to get him to answer the door."

"Exactly," Drake said. "She said she'd been there earlier in the afternoon and had dropped the keys; that she hadn't realized it until quite a bit later."

"And," Mason said, "the district attorney has Carl Montaine's statement that he locked the door of the garage when he put his car in, and that Rhoda must have had her keys in order to get the garage open that night; that she herself told him she had left her purse in the car and that she went out and unlocked the door just before she went to bed in order to get the purse. You see, what they've done is to trap her into the most damaging admission she could make."

"I don't see it," Drake said, his protruding eyes staring steadily at Mason.

"Don't you see?" Mason said. "The strongest defense she could have put up would have been that of self-defense. It would have been her word against the sealed lips of a dead man. If she had sprung that at the proper time and in the proper way, she'd have been almost certain to get the sympathy and belief of the jury.

"Now, the newspaper accounts show that the people who live next door heard the doorbell ringing during the time the struggle was going on. Rhoda kept thinking about that, and realized that there was an opportunity for her to claim *she* was the one who had been ringing the doorbell. It looked like an easy out to Rhoda. All she could see was that some unknown person was ringing the doorbell at the time the murder was being committed. If she could put herself in the position of being on the porch and ringing that doorbell, it gave her a good alibi. Therefore she walked right into it.

"Now the district attorney has got three separate shots at her. In the first place, he can show from the time element that it couldn't have been she. In the second place, he can show from the keys that were found in the room that she must have been in the room with Moxley after she had unlocked the door of the garage. Then—and most dangerous of all—in the third place, he can uncover the person who really was there ringing that doorbell and put him on the witness stand to rebut Rhoda's testimony.

"By that time the door to a plea of self-defense has been closed. She's either got to establish the fact that she wasn't there at all, or she's got to be caught in so many falsehoods that she's guilty of first-degree murder."

Della Street slipped into Perry Mason's private office.

"The father," she said, "is out there."

"Who?" asked Perry Mason.

"C. Philip Montaine of Chicago."

"How does he look, Della?"

"He's suave. Past sixty, but there isn't any film on his eyes. He's got a close-cropped white mustache, thin straight lips, and a poker face. He's well tailored and distinguished-looking."

Mason glanced from Della Street to Paul Drake, said slowly, "This man has got to be handled just right. He controls the purse strings. I want to put him in such a position that he'll pay for Rhoda's defense. My idea of what he would be like doesn't check with that description, Della. I figured him for a pompous, egotistical man who had been accustomed to dominate people through his financial position. I figured that I'd make him mad and frighten him a little bit by threatening to put his son in such a position before the public that the name of Montaine would be ridiculed by newspapers all over the country."

Della Street shook her head and smiled. "You can't handle him that way, chief," she said. "He's too dangerous an adversary. He's got poise and intelligence."

Mason sighed, turned to Paul Drake.

"You'd better go out through the outer office, Paul," he said, "so that you can get a look at this man. We may have to shadow him later on."

Drake sauntered out and Mason faced Della Street.

"Della," he said, "I want to work a build-up on this man. I want to impress *him* that *my* time is valuable. I want to beat him to it and--"

THE door to the outer office pushed open. Paul Drake strode in.

"If that man in your outer office," Paul Drake said, "is C. Philip Montaine, he came here *before* Moxley was murdered—not afterwards. When I saw Rhoda Montaine coming out of this office, you remember I noticed she was being shadowed. I trailed along for a while."

"Surely this man wasn't the shadow!" Mason said.

"No, he wasn't the shadow, but he was sitting in an automobile that was parked close to the curb."

Mason frowned thoughtfully.

"There is always the chance that the father might have been here, for some reason, without the boy knowing it."

"What reason?" asked the detective.

Mason put meaning into his glance.

The detective nodded slowly, then said almost dreamily, "There is also the chance that this isn't C. Philip Montaine at all, but is an impostor who is trying to get some information out of you. You've got no way of identifying the man positively. His son is being held by the district attorney as a material witness."

"Why," Mason asked, "should an impostor call on me?"

"To trap you into demanding money for Rhoda's defense and making threats as to what you might do if the money wasn't forthcoming."

Mason's eyes glittered.

"This," he said, "is the kind of a fight I like."

"Oh, do be careful, chief!" Della Street pleaded.

"Get out, Paul," he told the detective. Then to Della Street, "Show him in."

Montaine entered the room, bowed, smiled, and did not offer to shake hands.

"Doubtless," he said, "you know why I am here."

Mason spoke with disarming frankness:

"I'm glad you are here, Mr. Montaine. I wanted to talk with you. You've seen Carl?"

There was a frosty twinkle in Montaine's eyes.

"Let's start out by being fair and frank with each other," he said. "My son retained you to represent his wife. I am not a fool. I know that you expect pay for your services. Under certain circumstances I am willing to pay for the defense of Rhoda Montaine, and to pay handsomely. Unless those conditions are met I shall refuse to pay a red cent. Now, the district attorney's office have advised me of certain steps they contemplate taking."

"I presume," Mason said, "you're referring to the fact that as long as your son and Rhoda are husband and wife the district attorney's office can't use Carl as a witness. They will therefore try to get an annulment of the marriage."

Montaine smiled in assent.

"Thank you, counselor," he said. "Thank you very much indeed. I had hoped you might make a statement of that nature."

"You," Mason went on, "feel that your son married beneath him; is that right?"

"Certainly."

"Why?"

"He married a woman who was after him only for his money; a woman whose previous life had certainly not been above reproach; a woman who continued to make clandestine appointments with the man who had been her husband, and also with a doctor who had been intimately associated with her."

"I TAKE it, therefore," said Mason, "that you are very anxious to have the marriage of your son declared null and void. And what you want me to do is to promise you that I will put up the best defense I can for Rhoda Montaine, but that I will not oppose the annulment action. Under those circumstances, I presume you are willing to offer me a nice fee, with a substantial cash retainer."

Montaine met his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "for that I am prepared to pay a fee larger than would be considered customary."

Perry Mason clenched his right fist, pounded it slowly upon the desk, giving emphasis to his words.

"I have embarked upon the defense of a woman who is charged with murder," he said. "She has the enmity of a very wealthy man. That man is very clever. The woman is his daughter-in-law. The man hates her. If she were not his daughter-in-law he wouldn't care what happened to her. If she insists that the marriage ceremony was legal and that she has duly married into the Montaine family, that man would perhaps rather see her executed for murder than to see her continue to live with his son and perhaps gradually wean the son away from the father to the extent that she might dominate rather a weak character. In other words, if this woman is not your son's wife," Mason said, "you would perhaps prefer to see her acquitted on the murder charge? If she *is* your son's wife, you wish to get rid of her at any cost?"

"Isn't that," Montaine asked coldly, "being rather unfair to me?"

"No," Mason said; "I think not."

"I think so."

"Perhaps," Mason said, "you haven't gone so far as to analyze your motives and to determine just how far you are ready to go."

"Is it necessary, counselor, that we should discuss my motives in order to get your answer to my proposition?"

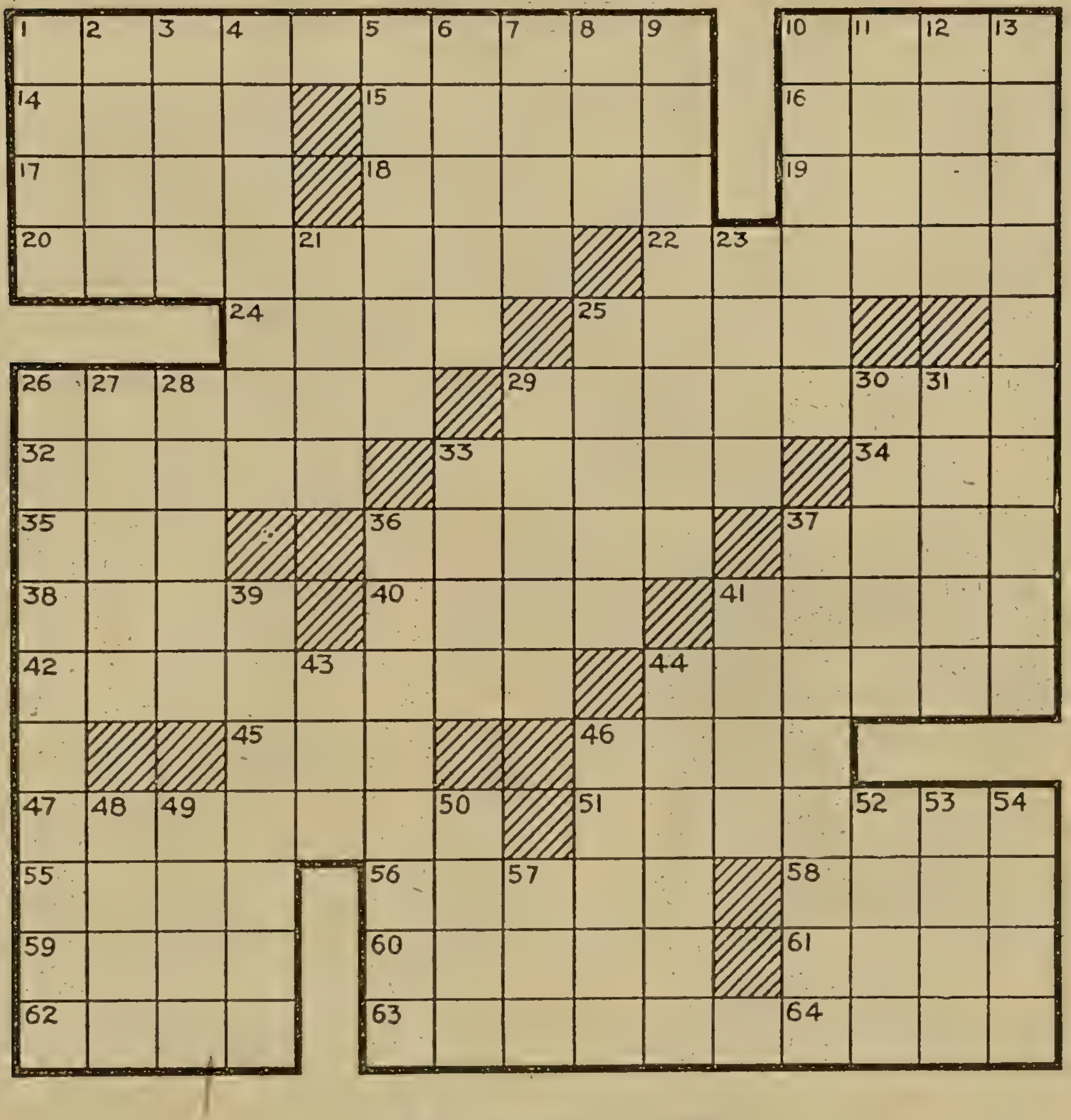
"Yes. They may be of controlling importance."

"You still haven't given me an answer to the proposition."

What answer will Perry Mason make to the millionaire's proposition? If he rejects it, he will have to fight for Rhoda Montaine's life without hope of a fee. If he acceptsit, he will have to sacrifice her love for her husband. Next week's installment will bring his decision, and further developments in this great mystery story.

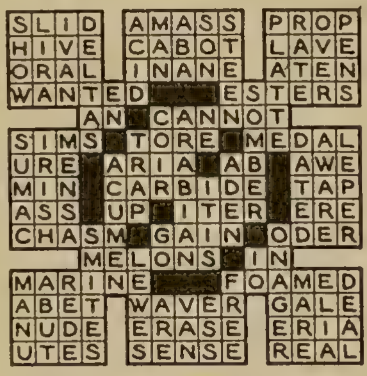
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 The hand bags of tomorrow
10 Soldiers are always breaking this
14 You'll find plenty of everything in a modern apartment but this
15 Sap
16 This was a scream at the opera house
17 This precedes an early fall
18 What the girls wave around Hawaii
19 Not at any time, poetically speaking
20 They lord it over the House
22 What a landlord plays football with
24 This follows after love and is always being handed advice
25 This woman sounds deep
26 What well armed men always carry around with them
29 The kind of chair to offer killers
32 The plant where Annie Seed was born
33 To throw about, as water
34 Old Roués' Union (abbr.)
35 Fresh cat meat
36 Nags
37 Black diamonds that settle many a burning question
38 Upstanding figures
40 Elementary Ninny's Eating Society (abbr.)
41 You always have to see this before you see Rica
42 These hang around the women and are always full of trifles


SLID AMASS PROP
HIVE CABOT LAVE
ORAL INANE ATEN
WANTED ESTERS
AN CANNOT
SIMS TORE MEDAL
URE ARIA AB AWE
MIN CARBIDE TAP
ASS UP ITER ERE
CHASM GAIN ODER
MELONS IN
MARINE FOAMED
ABET WAVER GALE
NUDE ERASE ERIA
UTES SENSE REAL

Answer to last week's puzzle

44 He killed Jane Doe last fall
45 This has a big pull in Tibet
46 How the Russians used to lord it over him!
47 Hoched, as the Kaiser
51 Pat.'s full name (plural)
55 Burp forth
56 Pleasanter
58 The kind of wood they knock on in China
59 Something intelligent people never do in a rumble seat
60 Madge of the movies
61 This produces spots before your eyes
62 Kind of high-class ham
63 Yellow bloomers

VERTICAL

1 Matters of genius
2 What wise guys collect
3 A sir that was acceptable to the king
4 Spears
5 Hams
6 Here's a sticker for you
7 Belonging to us
8 Small rooms
9 The kind of past a kitchen-maid should have
10 Ain't able to
11 This covers a lot of ground
12 Air
13 Pretty choosy
21 To bend the elbow too often
23 Artists scratch while they do this
25 This grows terribly bitter about the tropics (plural)
26 You can read the weather in the face of these prophets
27 Characteristic of most comedians
28 Quotes
29 They lead a spritely life
30 Old hens hang around here and cackle
31 Overheated in upper story
33 Twang the tonsils
36 It was a great life till he did this
37 Irish bricks
39 He lies around the courts and makes a fortune
41 Snappy on the comeback
43 This has socks appeal
44 The caboose on the railroad of life
46 What crazy Scotchmen do
48 Leave out
49 An opera
50 This woman singer sounds pretty wet
52 Here's a fellow who fiddled away his time even when things got pretty hot
53 How a poet gets taken
54 This is the limit with some people (plural)
57 Sometimes found on the end of dogs' tails

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

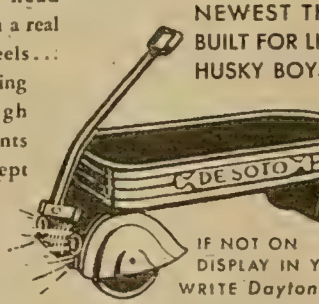
ITCHING FEET AND TOES?

Symptoms of "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Look between your toes if they itch, or if the skin is moist, red, cracked, thick, dead-white or breaking out in tiny blisters. These are symptoms of ringworm, "Athlete's Foot"—an infectious disease that should be treated at once. Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX immediately relieves the itch, quickly kills the germs and soon restores the skin to normal. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX — compounded especially for this foot condition. 50¢ and $1.

TO PREVENT RE-INFECTION of "Athlete's Foot"—sterilize your shoes with Dr. Scholl's Shoe Deodorizer and Sterilizer. Destroys fungus, kills shoe odors caused by sweaty feet, 50¢. At drug, shoe and department stores.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX


Oh Boy! A STREAMLINED Electric Lighted PLAY WAGON

• Streamlined fenders... Actual electric head lights just like on a real auto... Disc wheels... Rubber tires. Selling on sight through leading merchants everywhere. Accept no other. Three sizes, $1.00 up. A wonderful value.

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DEALERS: WIRE FOR CATALOG AND PRICES

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

"Klutch" holds FALSE TEETH Tight—all day

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble 25c and 50c at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, *don't waste* money on substitutes but write us for a box. Use 30 days. Pay us when satisfied.

HART & CO., Box 2238-H, Elmira, N.Y.

From Hollywood . . .

by PRINCESS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

Linguist, friend of the famous in Europe,

IMAGINE Noel Coward in cowboy pants. Imagine Tom Mix as an English squire riding after the jolly old foxhounds in a pink coat. Fit these two fancies together in your mind and you will have a character study of Gary Cooper.

In such sophisticated comedies as Design for Living he deports himself like a native son of Mayfair. Yet he comes from Montana, rolls his own cigarettes, and yearns for the great open spaces. Off the screen he certainly was a surprise to me.

GARY COOPER

I expected his conversation would probably follow the usual line of worldly chitchat. Thought he might talk about people, places, parties.

Not he!

He talked about a horse named Buster. Talked about the solitude of camp-fire nights in Africa. He gave me his philosophy of life.

"I think," he said, "that most of our troubles are caused by crowds. I dislike cities. Africa suited me. Out there a man can have all the room he needs."

Gary Cooper's eyes are bluer than the bluest blue you ever saw. He has a fine collection of pen-and-ink drawings, mostly of horses. Says drinking in Hollywood makes him gloomy, so he doesn't do any drinking here. Is married to Veronica Balfe, a society gal who went on the stage.

REMOVING three tons of corn flakes from a lawn with vacuum cleaners—that's just one of the many odd jobs performed in Hollywood by the Assistance League of Southern California.

The League has charge of renting private estates to picture companies for location work. Some of the swellest show places in America are situated between Santa Barbara and the Mexican line, and the movie people often hire them for a while. Owner of the place gets half the money, the other half going to a charity fund conducted by the Assistance League. Frequently the owners kick in their share too. But all junk (such as corn-flake snow) left around by the picture folk must be cleaned up by the League.

A smart woman, Mrs. Lee Ray Turner, sees to it that the filmsters do as little damage as possible. For instance, she stopped those funny Marx Brothers from swinging on the elegant bronze gates at the Jewett estate. Had the bronze ones taken down and fake ones put up for the Marx antics.

Mrs. Turner has also invented a trick for building cinema palaces on private greenswards without driving a stake to mar the grass. She does it with big suction cups.

If you saw Kate Smith in Moon Song you saw the famous old Camarillo place, dating back several centuries to a royal Spanish grant, and still occupied by the Camarillo family.

Mrs. Hancock Banning thought up this dandy idea of renting private estates to the pictures for charity. Mrs. Banning is the owner of Catalina Island. Her scheme was used originally to raise money for the Red Cross during the war. Cecil B. De Mille was the first customer. Now the Assistance League has developed the notion in a large way.

Forty-one charitable institutions received support from it last year.

IN the dark mansion a clock struck ten. Guests arrived at the door—a silk-clad lady with two gentlemen in formal evening garb. The door flew open and the three guests were surrounded by a troop of police.

"You are under arrest!"

In the vestibule an officer showed them ink pads and identification blanks. "We want your fingerprints," he said. "You first, madam."

Smiling, the lady allowed an impression of her dainty fingers to be made. One of her male companions complied as readily. Not so the other! With a terrified face he dashed out of the house and raced off into the night as fast as he could go.

Why was he the only frightened one? Aha! That's what makes this a genuine mystery story.

The entire rigmarole was nothing more than a Hollywood party stunt—rogue-gallery photos taken of all the guests, their fingerprints, etc. Rather childish perhaps, but good clean fun.

It amused everybody except the man who ran away. I won't reveal his name but I'll tell you this: he is one of the mightiest picture magnates. Now why was he afraid to leave a Bertillon record of his identity? Here is a case for the detective genius of Anthony Abbot or S. S. Van Dine.

CHEAP and shoddy imitations of grand gowns to be worn by the stars are draped on the stand-in girls—the Cinderellas of Hollywood—who pose on the stage hour after hour so that directors and cameramen can get the scene completely lined up before the real star is called. I know the stand-in girls earn more money than extras, but I can't help feeling sorry for them—chiefly because of the clothes. How would you like to be a *living shadow* of some other woman's charm and beauty?

CHIEF of the Bureau of Home Economics at the Department of Agriculture in Washington is Dr. Louise Stanley, a leading scholarch of the domestic arts. She gets bushels of inquiries from people with household problems.

"I am fifty pounds too plump," one woman wrote, "and my husband says spinach is the only safe diet. I hate spinach. Please tell me what works the same as spinach but doesn't taste like spinach."

Dr. Stanley's bureau had to give that one up. Here's another that came in recently—from a man this time:

"My wife and I have our laundry done every two weeks. Where in New York can we buy a laundry basket of the right size, and what will it cost?"

He forgot to state *how much* laundry he and his wife have done every two weeks, so Dr. Stanley's office couldn't solve his riddle offhand. Whereupon he wrote angry letters to his Congressman protesting against the government's neglect. About a thousand inquiries are answered every week by the Bureau of Home Economics. The Bureau can really tell you almost anything about food, drink, cooking, kitchen planning, tableware, refrigerators, oilcloth, budgets, bug extermination, or what kind of goods to use for baby's rompers.

Foreign experts from everywhere come to look at the Bureau's experimental laboratories because no other

. . . *to the* Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

and Descendant of the First Czar of Russia

government in the world has any that compare with them. The Czechoslovakians come oftenest and ask the most questions.

BOW ties for husbands—or four-in-hand ties?

This argument has sprung up between some wives whom I know. It isn't exactly a momentous debate, yet I think it deserves passing notice. The wives have agreed on one point: they say men look more boyish in a bow; more dignified with a four-in-hand draped over the wishbone. Therefore it all depends on how you want your husband to look.

But the involved husbands won't recognize the issue. "Boyish be hanged!" they swear, and "Dignified be hanged!" They say they'll wear any kind of tie they gosh-darn please.

A YOUNG woman who had been professionally unchaste fell in love with a young man who had not long to live. She married him. His respectable family raised Cain but could do nothing, for he was financially independent. His time, he knew, would be so short that he wanted to lavish every happiness upon his wife—expensive jewelry, fine cars, wonderful clothes. But she wouldn't take them. All she desired was a cottage where they could be together until the end.

Last year the end came. Then his family began again to make trouble. They refuse to consider her otherwise than as a shameless wanton who has inveigled her way into their superior clan. Yet she has renounced all rights to his large fortune. She will take nothing but a tiny income—and the little cottage with its memories of the only man she ever loved.

In California I saw that cottage where she lives—and I saluted the scene of a real love tragedy.

HAVE just heard about a man sixty-five years old who told every one he had bronchitis because he was ashamed to admit that it was whooping cough—at his age. It was no joke to him. He didn't care to be laughed at.

I understand how he felt, because I caught chicken pox a few years ago, and since then I have been filled with commiseration for all grown-ups who contract maladies of childhood. A kids' disease—mumps, measles, or the like—can make us as sick as any nursery patient, but we get little sympathy. We are laughed at by friends and relatives for the silliness of our ailment. The indignity is worse than the infection.

AN English inventor of mechanical appliances has declared that he invented one of his best gadgets entirely in a dream. This brings up a fascinating question:

Can we do serious, creative work in our sleep?

How I do hope so! If our talent along this line can be developed, it will mean less struggle with our reluctant brains—fewer sleepless nights when we lie awake worrying about money.

Go to sleep. Dream yourself rich. The prospect delights my imagination. Awake, I have no natural fondness for work. Asleep, I might learn to like it.

READ Thomas Minehan's revealing book, Boy and Girl Tramps of America. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

HOT soup before a cold meal. Cold soup before a hot meal.

I offer this rule to the many readers who have asked me for advice about summer cuisine. I always follow it myself, and I believe it is the only practical way to compromise between good health and high atmospheric temperature.

Cold meats, cool salads, frozen desserts—generally they are the most acceptable of summer foods. But our internal circulation demands *something* hot. Soup is the answer, I think. Preferably a clear soup. Reverse the process when you serve hot dishes. A cold jellied soup then supplies the safeguard against overheating.

PROFESSIONAL tasting is a scholarly vocation. The tea tasters, the wine tasters, the food tasters—they make an art and a science of their business. One of them has been explaining a few points to me. He says:

"You know the three primary colors—red, yellow, blue. All other colors are produced, you know, from combinations of those three. Flavor is much the same.

"There are three basic flavors—sweet, sour, and bitter. Actually they are the only impressions to which our mouths are sensitive.

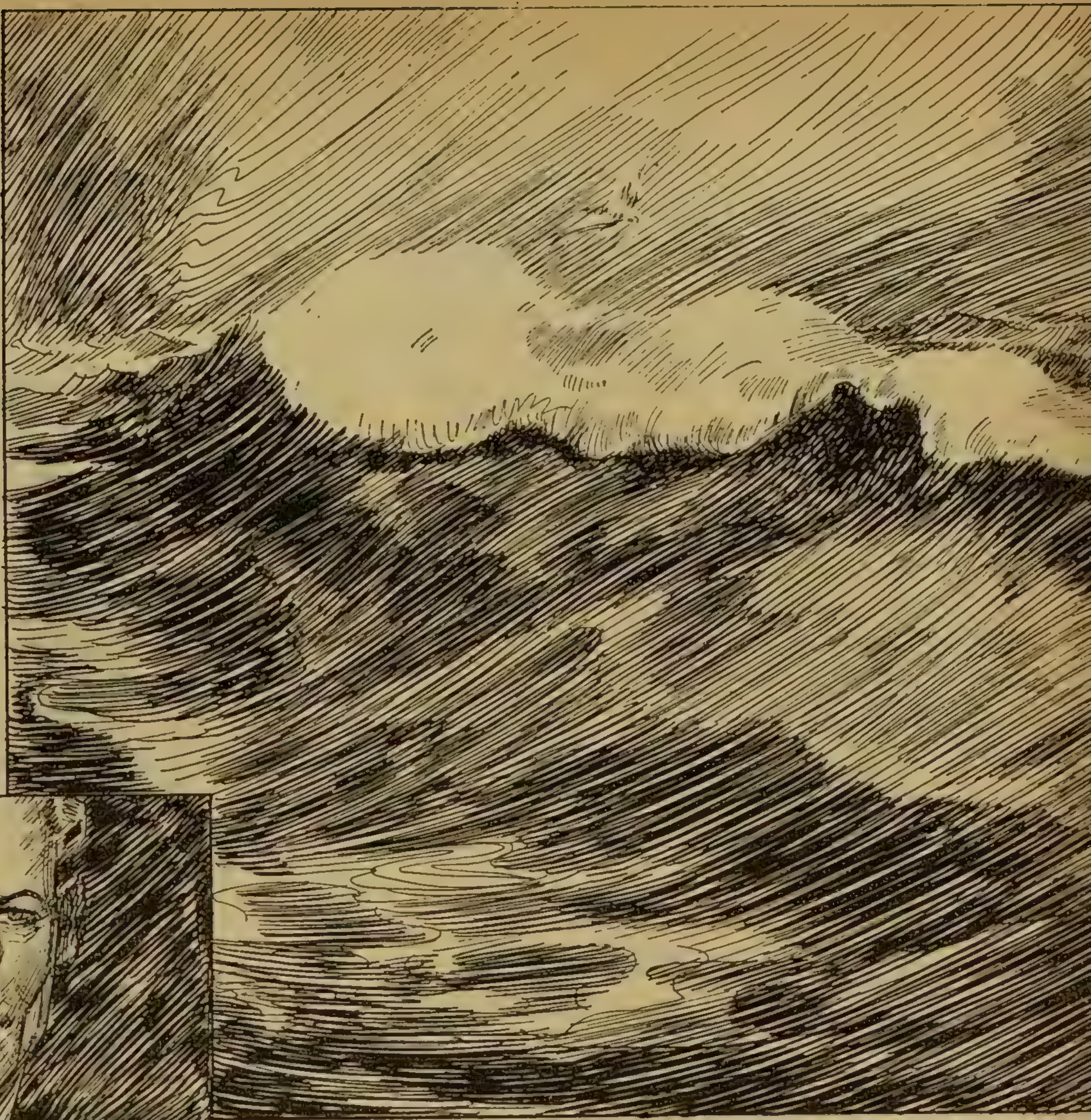
"All the finer distinctions come to us through smell, not through taste. If we didn't have noses we probably could tell the difference between pie and pickles, but we couldn't tell the difference between pie and pudding. All sweet things would taste alike, all sour things alike, all bitter things alike."

Nose and all, thinks I to myself, I have eaten in plenty of restaurants where the meals were of that nature.

The Shock

A Stirring Story of Fear Cast Out by the Kindly Trickery of Love

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



A figure stood in the full

PHIL

ONE of his small playfellows in the swimming hole had just swum under water a full twenty feet. "Bet *you* can't fetch that far!" he yelled to Phil, standing naked on the bank.

"Bet I can," said Phil, and dived.

He dived too deep; he scraped the bottom. Suddenly long tentacles folded about him and seized him.

He had swum among the branches of a dead cottonwood upended in the swimming hole. But last night he had read in Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea of giant octopi that catch men. He had a horrible moment down there.

Desperately he freed himself and shot upward. His head struck something hard. He had come up beneath a raft floating on the pool.

This was too much; he almost died. But there was something indomitable in the boy. He raised his small rump, kicked and swam downward, then sideways, till his lungs almost collapsed. He rose, shot out like a geyser, took one big gulp of air, and fainted. And one of the bigger boys pulled him out by the hair.

But I knew nothing of this childhood adventure when years later I became acquainted with him in New York. We played handball together every afternoon at the Y. M. C. A.--an inexpensive athletic club for young fellows such as we, out of the West and beginning our attack of grim Manhattan. He was a beautiful athlete, big and lithe, topped with a yellow mop.

Every day after our last game he would say, "Well, I'm going down to the pool." Then he would stand there without making a move. He seemed to be wishing I might say, "No, Phil; don't go down to the pool."

I wouldn't say it, of course, and finally he gathered himself and went down.

I always worked at the punching bag before my swim and he would be gone by the time I got down. But one day I reached the pool earlier than usual.

Phil was swimming back and forth across the narrow width of the pool desperately and gloomily. He would hang on to the rim, breathing hard, then would shove off with the air of hurling himself into a furnace. It was three strokes across for a good swimmer. He would take twelve. Rageful hysterical strokes which lifted him clear out of the water.

I found myself shouting. "Relax! Loosen up!"

He came out and sat by my side on the edge of the pool. "I have the horrors in there," he said. And then he told me of what had happened to him in the swimming hole of his childhood.

"It did something to me," he went on. "When you see me in there you have no idea what I'm feeling."

"Then why do you go in?"

"Because," he said, "I'm going to break myself of that cursed obsession."

I tried to help him. I went into the pool with him every day. I worked hard on him. With no effect.

"After all," I said, "you can walk. You can run. You can ride in street cars. Why swim?"

"I'm going to break myself of it." Stubbornly.

"Why?" I kept asking as more days went by. And one day he said shyly, "Would you like to go sailing with some friends of mine Sunday?"

I went. There were four men aboard, counting Phil, and there were four girls. And there was an extra man —myself with no girl, a bit miffed, and suspecting that I had been brought along merely in answer to my Why? The answer was before my eyes. The answer was Bettie.

She was a golden girl. Phil was yellow-haired and blue-eyed, and what was happening to those two Nordics was clear. Invisible elastic bands drew them ever together.

We anchored in the afternoon in a still bight. Sandals and sneakers flew off eager feet and lithe bodies curved through the air and into the sea. Bettie, poised for her first dive, looked back. "Aren't you going in?"

Phil, leaning against the cabin, shook his head gently.

"No! Really!" she said. I could tell that this had happened before repeatedly. Bettie raised her beautiful arms on high and dived.

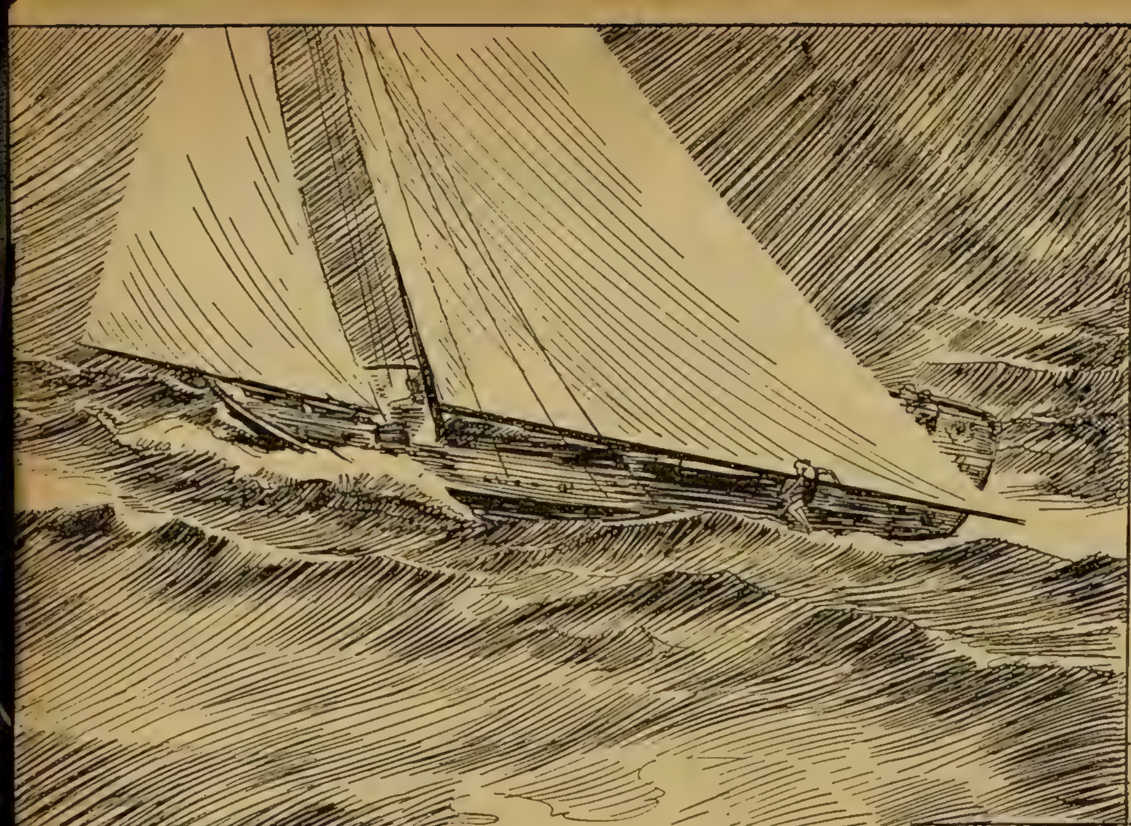
She came up the ladder and dived again. She returned and made a swan dive. She climbed back and from the ratlines made a high dive. All of this time, of course, seeing Phil not at all.

And as the day ended we putt-putted for home. She had extinguished for him the special light in her eyes.

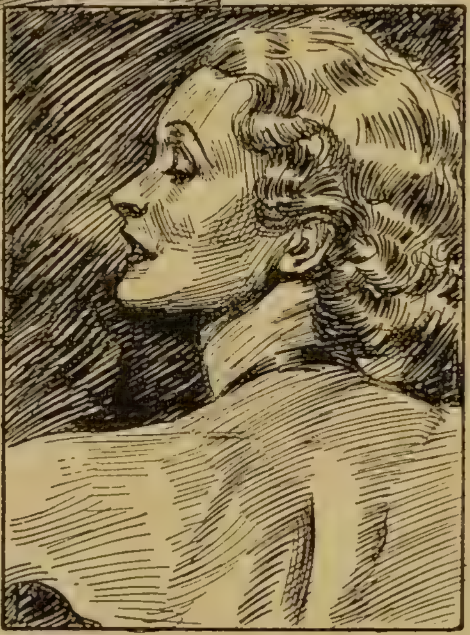
And when we had docked she went off with Hartman, who had a big car and was taking nearly everybody home. Phil and I hailed a cab.

by JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATION BY HUBERT MATHIEU



path of the charging spar.



BETTIE

"You're a fool," I said. "Why don't you tell her why you don't swim? There's nothing disreputable about it, is there?"

"Bettie," he said softly after a moment. "Don't you see, she is sunshine. Clear sunshine. I wouldn't have her even touched by anything—dark."

"So that's it!" I railed.

But when I had landed him at his door and he said humbly, "You'll coach me some, Jim, next week?" I answered, "Sure. I'll coach you."

I did. Ferociously. By the scruff of the neck. With no result. When we boarded the Swallow on Sunday he was as he had been before.

I watched him meet Bettie. It was like the coming together of two extinguished tapers which, nearing, should simultaneously light to clear flame. The past Sunday was forgotten; they were happy.

But after sailing all morning the Swallow anchored in the afternoon. And while the water about the boat boiled with tritons and mermaids, Phil was up there on deck like a stick. Once more at the dock, Bettie whirled off with Hartman's group.

"You haven't told her!" I accused in the cab.

"And I won't," he said stubbornly.

THE summer was passing; every Sunday the same thing was happening. Finally I thought, "*I'll* tell her!"

I inveigled her to a sheltered corner of the Swallow's deck and told her.

"The poor kid!" she said, and there were tears in her eyes.

"But all the same," she said, her tone altered, "wouldn't you say it was a bit ridiculous—a boy like Phil letting something like that get him?

"No!" she said vehemently. "With every one swimming, there he stands, afraid of the water, shivering!"

I said, "Oh, hell!" and rose. "He doesn't shiver!" I bellowed. And left her there. . . .

"Jim, come here."

It was the next Sunday, and Bettie was calling me. She patted the deck at her side. "Sit here," she said.

"Jim," she said, "is he doing anything about it?"

"He tortures himself every day, all for you," I said, and gave her an eloquent description of what we were doing in the Y. pool.

"Will it finally cure him?" she asked uncertainly.

"No!" I roared again, losing my temper. Then I heard myself say—I don't know why, "It would take—a shock! A shock did it; a shock might undo it!"

She was very still. After a while she said softly, "Thanks, Jim."

This Sunday was proving an unlucky one. Our auxiliary engine had gone whimsical; on the way down the bay it had repeatedly whizzed out on us.

And now, under sail off Nassau, we were suddenly slapped by a squall, and Hartman, surprised, at the tiller, let the Swallow jibe.

Everybody went flat as the heavy boom swept the deck. We went over almost on our beam ends, water poured in.

Slowly, then with murderous acceleration, the boom swung back.

I was at the tiller now, helping Hartman. For a moment I thought that every one was safe, hugging the deck. But suddenly a lithe figure stood silhouetted against the black horizon in the full path of the charging spar. Spar and sail swept by—and now no one was standing there. "It was Bettie," I thought. "Bettie is overboard."

Some one else went over in a long straight desperate dive—I had no time to see who—I was fighting the bucking tiller. We finally got the Swallow to the wind, let the mainsail come running down, then scrambled to the engine and fought to start it. It was then I was able to see who was missing besides Bettie. It was Phil.

And the cursed engine would not start. Far off, as I toiled, I could see two little heads bobbing on the waves.

Suddenly the engine exploded like a string of firecrackers, then began to purr. We headed for the far little black spot. Head seas pounded us. "We'll never get there in time," I kept thinking. "She can't hold him up that long."

We drifted near, we looked right down upon the two. Bettie lay with closed eyes on the sea, her beautiful inanimate body like streaming seaweed. Her head was on Phil's shoulder. Treading water easily, masterfully, triumphantly, Phil was holding her up.

I often question Bettie. "Bettie, did that boom really hit you? Were you really unconscious?"

"What do you think, Jim?"

"Good Lord! I'll never find out."

Once she relented slightly.

"Jim, I was a little bit unconscious. But I could hear the beautiful things he was murmuring in my ear. And he's a wonderful swimmer!"

"*I* did that. In the Y. pool."

"Yes, Jim," she said. "Maybe."

THE END

The Boy Who Could

There Was No Hope, They Told Crippled Glenn Cunningham When He Was Seven Years Old—Now by One of Life's Strangest Ironies, He's a Record-Breaking Sensation!

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

IT'S pretty hard to name the greatest runner that ever lived. One wouldn't go very far wrong if he named Paavo Nurmi, the Finn. One might pick Ted Meredith, or little Bill Carr, the picture runner, or Maxey Long or Mel Sheppard or Ralph Craig or Ralph Metcalfe or Eddie Tolan. They were all great; some of them still are.

But to pick the most remarkable runner is another thing. There is just one. He stands by himself—a blue-eyed, light-haired, thick-bodied, modest Kansas boy, holder of the world's indoor mile record and the American outdoor record, holder of a dozen similar records—Glenn Cunningham of the University of Kansas.

He has lost races. Three times in the last year he has been beaten by Bill Bonthron, Princeton's immortal, and twice in that same series he has beaten Bonthron.

Four world's records, three of them Cunningham's, have fallen in these epochal duels, and still no one knows which is the master, black-eyed, dark-skinned Tiger Bill or blue-eyed, tow-headed Jayhawk Glenn. But it is not solely his incomparable 4:06.8 mile or his 4:08.4 indoor mile that makes him amazing. It's Glenn Cunningham himself and the story behind his records.

When Glenn Cunningham was seven years old he was a normal bright-eyed kid, son of a poor Elkhart, Kansas, family. He had an older brother, Floyd, who had ambitions to be a runner. Glenn had ambitions too. He thought Floyd was about the best runner in the world and wanted to be as good or better.

Every morning the two of them ran to school. They ran because they had chores to do at home before they could start for the little frame building in the middle of the town, three miles or so from their home. And when they got to the schoolhouse they had to build the fire. That was part of their way of earning a few cents for their school expenses. They had to run to keep their job.

One day they just beat the teacher under the wire. They unlocked the building and rushed in. They seized the usual kerosene can and dumped a quantity of the liquid into the stove upon smoldering embers.

Glenn Cunningham doesn't remember much else. Some careless delivery service had put five gallons of gasoline instead of the usual kerosene into the can. It exploded, and when Glenn recovered consciousness the flames were licking about him. His first impulse was to run out of the building, and out he ran, crying for Floyd. He saw Floyd nowhere. Then he heard a voice inside the building, low and agonized and half stifled.

Seven years old, not especially large for his age, he plunged back into the fire. He fought his way as far as he could. The flames licked across the floor. They burned the cotton stockings off his legs. They set fire to his trousers. The fumes began to smother him. He screamed for Floyd, but there was no answer.

The smoke was so thick he couldn't see through it. He gasped and choked. He tried to cover his face with his coat. Then oblivion came. He woke up in his own home, in a bed, his legs swathed in oil bandages, his hands swathed too, and part of his sturdy little body. He tried to move and the excruciating pain made him cry out. Then he remembered Floyd and tried to get up.

It was too late. Floyd had died in the flames.

For weeks he lay helpless. His legs were seared and crisp. The burned flesh grew fast to the young bones. The right leg was crooked, pulled up at the knee by scar tissue on the back of the leg just below the hip.

They told him he might never walk again. As for his ever running, there was no hope. He lay in his bed and cried. He saw the future as a mighty black picture.

They took the bandages off eventually. He had no left toes at all—just seared flesh melted into one stump. The transverse arch of his left foot had been destroyed. They helped him out of the bed and gave him crutches. He tried to put his right foot down. It wouldn't reach the floor. The scar tissue back of the knee and under the hip held it up in a ghastly useless crook of a leg.

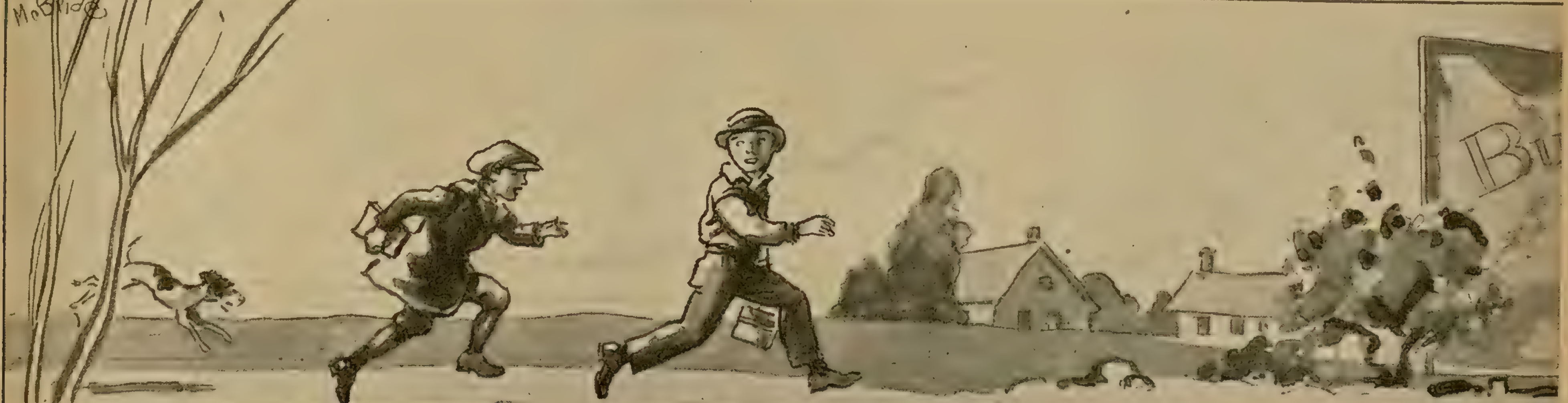
He put his weight on his left foot. It buckled back and he had to call on the crutches to save himself from falling. Thus he walked out, one foot two and a half inches from the ground, the other little more than half a regular foot and unable to support his weight.

He went outside and the kids gathered around him. Glenn had been a better runner than most of the youngsters of eleven and twelve. Now he couldn't even walk. His legs dragged behind him as he pulled himself along.

The story of Glenn Cunningham's speech to those kids has been pretty well authenticated by his doctor, by the kids who are grown up now, and by neighbors who were there. They all say he sort of bit his thin lips a little, fought back the tears, and grumbled:

"I could run before, and I can still run—you guys just wait and see if I can't!"

He didn't make good on his promise for a long time. He was almost eleven years old before he could discard his crutches. He was past twelve before any of the stiffness



NEVER RUN

by DICK WILLIAMS

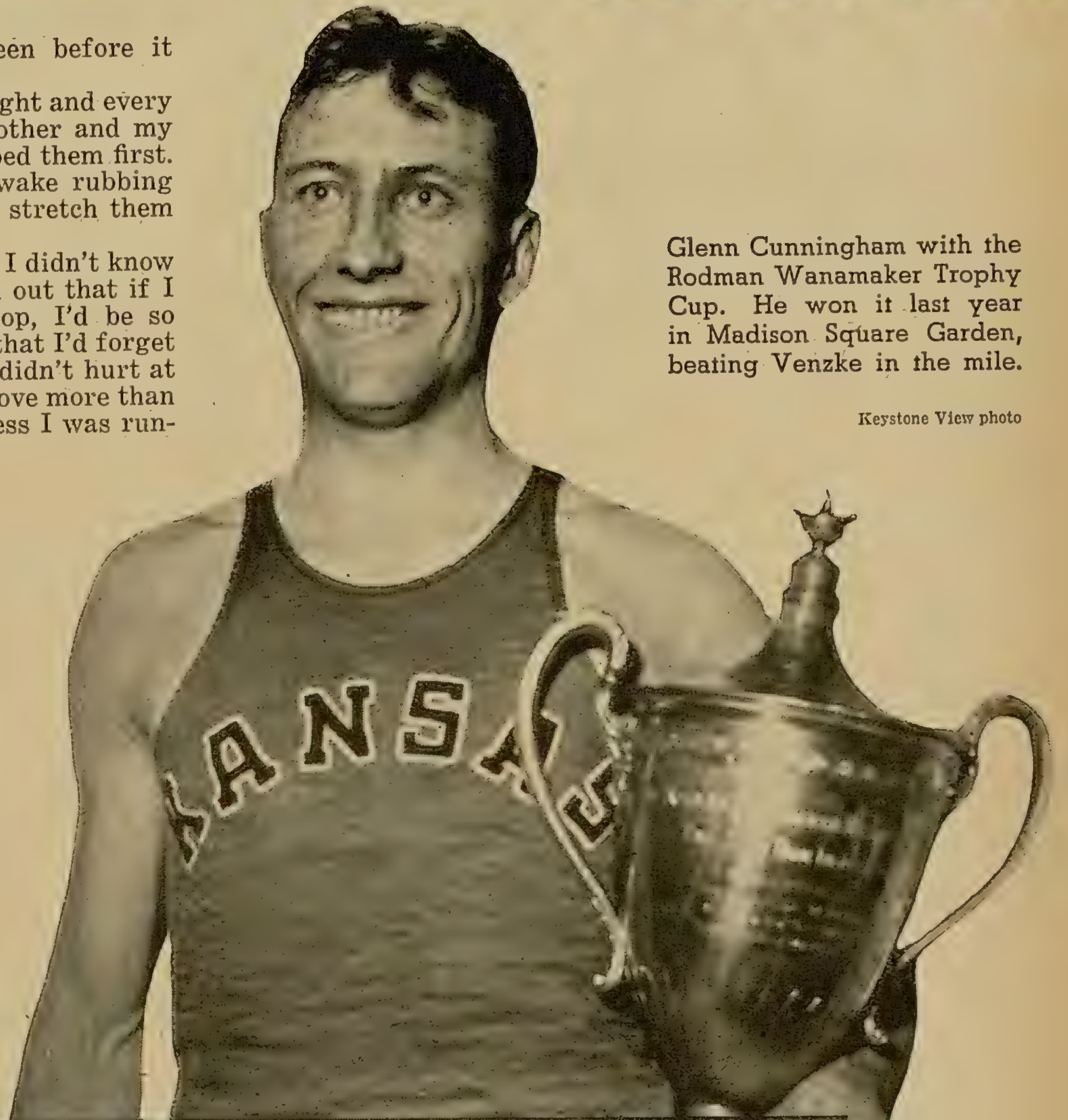
left his right leg, almost thirteen before it straightened out fully.

"I used to rub my legs every night and every morning," he explains. "My mother and my father and my other brother rubbed them first. When they got tired, I'd stay awake rubbing them. They pulled them, too, to stretch them out.

"It hurt like thunder to walk. I didn't know what to do about that. I figured out that if I would run, or sort of hippety-hop, I'd be so much interested in trying to run that I'd forget the pain. Well, I tried it, and it didn't hurt at all when I ran. I guess I didn't move more than ten feet for five or six years unless I was running. And of course I always ran to meals. I'd have done that anyway."

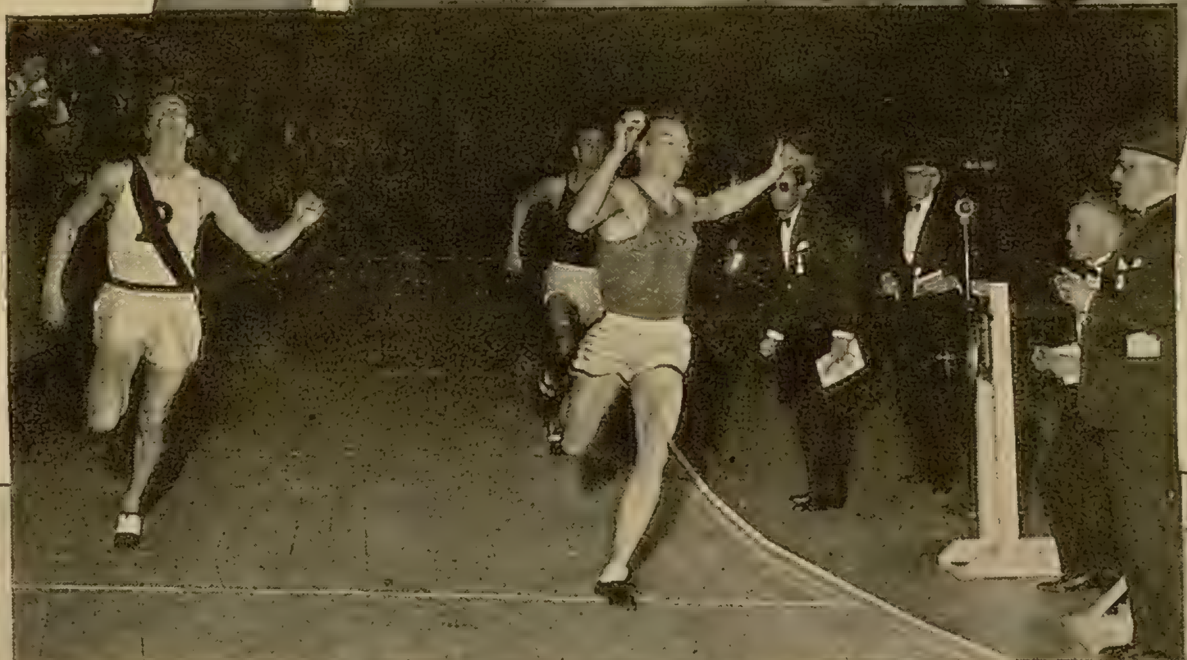
THE massaging must have done the trick for the kid—that and the hard work he had to do. He got a job when he was fourteen, still limping, loading wheat in a western Kansas granary. He got eight dollars a day, and he ran to and from work, and from one car or one wagon to another, or from one farm to another.

His legs began to develop. His calves began to grow. The scar tissue over the muscles was stretched taut to make room for the sinews that developed beneath them.



Glenn Cunningham with the Rodman Wanamaker Trophy Cup. He won it last year in Madison Square Garden, beating Venzke in the mile.

Keystone View photo



Cunningham beating Bonthron of Princeton by inches, and breaking the world record, in the 1,500-meter event at the 1933 National A. A. U. indoor meet. He is the runner at right; behind him is Venzke.

DRAWING BY H. R. McBRIDE

His thighs developed. His chest developed. He didn't grow very tall but he broadened out.

However, when he reached high school his legs were not yet loose and pliable enough for him to be the runner he hoped to be.

He was a junior before he made the track team. He'd tried to be a sprinter, and by sprinting had developed speed that most milers never get. Thus when suddenly he discovered that he was a miler he had a great foundation. He was in his junior year when he made his first appearance at the Kansas relays, and to his own, his coach's, and his rivals' amazement, he set a record for the relays that still stands—a mile in 4 minutes and 30 seconds while still in high school.

They sent him to Chicago to the national interscholastics. He went alone, and he bought a new pair of shoes for the occasion. The result was a blister on his heel, an infection, and a fever of 104°. He lost his only race as a schoolboy then; but he ran the race, finishing second in time he'd beaten constantly.

The next year he went to the state interscholastic meet at Lawrence and set a state record of 4:28.3 for the mile, displacing the mark of 4:30 set by Harold Manning, a member of the 1932 American Olympic team in the steeplechase.

He went back to Chicago and set a national interscholastic record that still stands—a mark of 4:24.7.

The time came for him to consider a college career. Men who can run a mile in 4:25 in high school never find this a particularly serious problem. He had many offers from colleges outside his native state. Big Ten colleges deluged him with invitations. The Eastern universities went after him. Stanford and Southern California made him flattering advances. But on his trips to the University of Kansas up at Lawrence, thirty-two miles outside of Kansas City, he had met a quartet of gentlemen whose persuasive powers were still more potent. Bill Hargiss, the Bald Eagle of Mount Oread, as they call him out in Kansas; Brutus Hamilton, then the track coach; Roland Logan, track trainer; and Phog Allen, manager of athletics and basketball coach, were the four.

GLENN'S advent at Kansas precipitated quite a turmoil. Not only had he developed into a great runner at Elkhart, but he was an all-state halfback and one of the best high-school basketball players. Now, Bill Hargiss was the football coach at the time and Allen the basketball coach. Both wanted him—and Brutus Hamilton wanted him for his track team.

Hamilton finally prevailed, and Glenn became a track man and nothing else.

Giving up football and basketball was not entirely to his liking. But he took his orders and he went out to become what Hamilton said he would be—the greatest miler in the world.

It didn't take him long to prove himself. In his first meet as a Jayhawk varsity man he broke the one-mile, two-mile, and half-mile records of the Missouri Valley. Then he went to the national intercollegiates and won the mile run. He made the Olympic team mile squad and was the first American to finish behind Becalli.

World records began to fall before him. He went to New York and won in the indoor meets, dethroning Venzke. Then Bill Bonthron of Princeton beat him. But the next week he beat Bonthron in a 1,500-meter race.

In his last appearance in Madison Square Garden he set a world indoor record of 4:08.4. When it is borne in mind that he clipped more than two seconds off Paavo Nurmi's best mark and lowered Venzke's sensational 4:10 record by one and six tenths seconds, the greatness of this crippled kid's achievement begins to become manifest. He went on out to set a world's record for 1,500 meters indoors. Then he ran a thousand yards outdoors faster than it ever had been run before. In his first official outdoor mile this year, at the Kansas relays, he ran the distance in 4:12 without great competition, Venzke finishing twenty-five yards behind him.

HE appeared next at the Penn relays, running a special race against Venzke. The field was soaked and the muddy track was no place for a man with tender shanks. Venzke paced him and ran a first quarter in 65 seconds. Yet in spite of this, in spite of the bad track, the mud, and the cold wind—Cunningham said he hadn't been really warm all day—he ran the mile in 4:11.7.

"I have to warm up for forty-five minutes before every race," he explained in the dressing room. "It takes me much longer than the ordinary runner to loosen up. The scar tissue is pretty tight. Fifteen minutes should suffice for any one else. If I tried to run with that little warm-up I'd tie up completely."

A fortnight afterward came the greatest mile ever run, when Cunningham, his right ankle stiff with heavy tape, ran Bonthron rubber-legged to beat him by forty yards in Princeton's own Palmer Stadium in the world's record time of 4:06.8. Two weeks later, beaten by a step in the national 1,500 meters, he forced Bonthron to a new world record of 3:48.8.

He doesn't talk much. He's a little bewildered by all the excitement his running has created. You have to listen carefully to hear him at all, and when he's talking about himself he's almost inaudible.

He looks his twenty-four but he doesn't act it. His shyness belies the lines under the eyes—lines that express the fight he's gone through.

Track experts say that sometime during this year he will run the mile in 4:4 or 4:5. Not one coach who has seen him believes but that he will.

Whether or not he is the greatest of all runners there can be no challenging the claim that he is the most remarkable miler that ever drew on a spiked shoe.

THE END

SIGNAL FOR PASS

By TOM A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the twentieth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

OF all the irritating stunts of thoughtless motorists, nothing strains the mental calm of the law-abiding driver more than the refusal of the traffic chiseler to pull over when the man behind signals to pass.

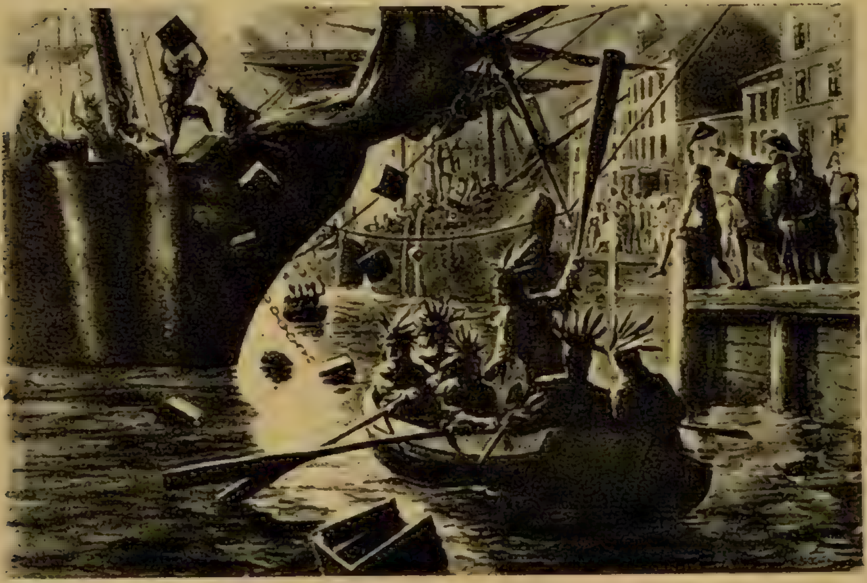
Such discourtesy isn't always intentional. Yet it reflects an indifferent attitude which may be due to any of a number of things. The driver may be deaf. He may be talking too much, for example, or may be preoccupied.

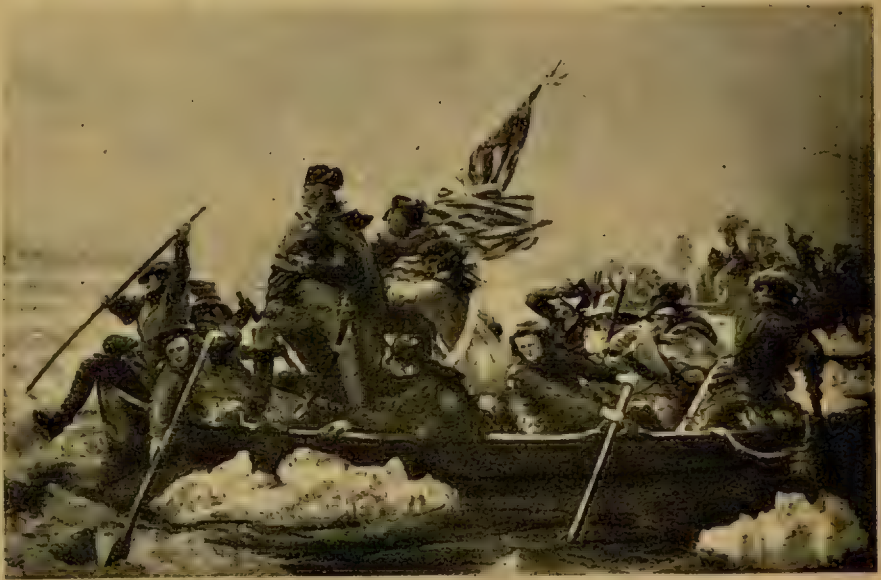
The sound of the horn from behind speaks in pretty clear language. The law says the man who would pass must signal and that the motorist in front shall let him go by. Nevertheless often there is a willful desire by one driver to keep the other from passing. It is dangerous practice.

Stubbornness has no place in the traffic code. Fair play on the highway includes a proper respect for the rights of the man behind as well as the fellow in front.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

CASH $2,000 PRIZE HISTORICAL PICTURE GAME





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The RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will reproduce three famous pictures illustrating notable events in North American history. There will be thirty pictures in all.

2. Each picture will be well known to the reading public through reproduction in history textbooks and in magazines and the press in connection with celebrations and anniversaries.

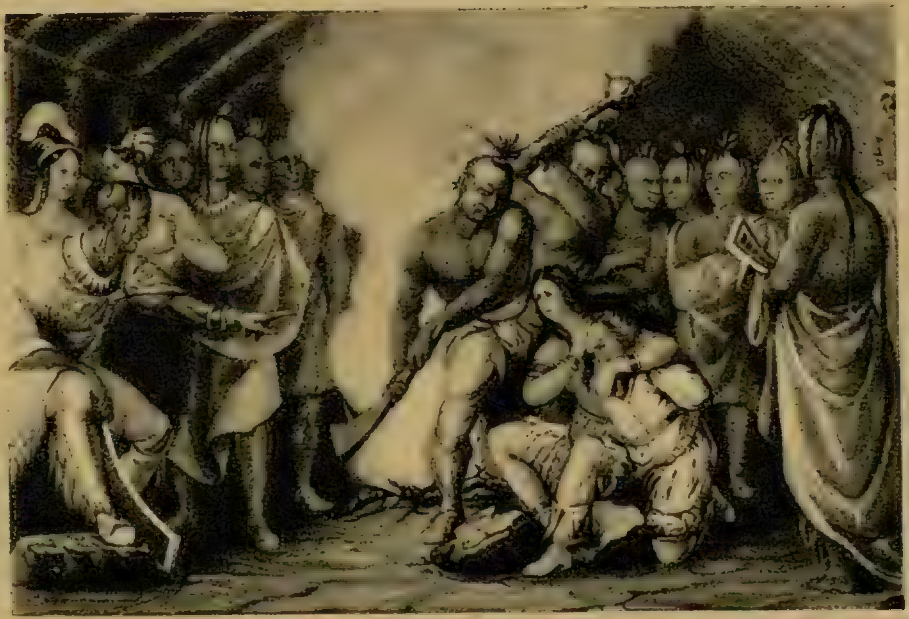
3. To compete, cut out or trace with reasonable accuracy each of the pictures, and below each write an identification of the historic event it illustrates, using not more than twenty-five words for each picture.

4. For the set of thirty pictures accompanied by the clearest, most interesting identifications Liberty will award a first prize of $500. A second prize of $200 will be paid; a third prize of $100; $10 each for the twenty next best; and $5 each for the 200 next best. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid.

5. When your entry is complete, send it by first-class mail to HISTORICAL PICTURES CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 17, the closing date of this contest.



The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE
$500

SECOND PRIZE
$200

THIRD PRIZE
$100

TWENTY PRIZES
Each, $10

200 PRIZES
Each, $5

CHECK UP ON YOUR HISTORICAL KNOWLEDGE AND WIN A PRIZE CHECK!

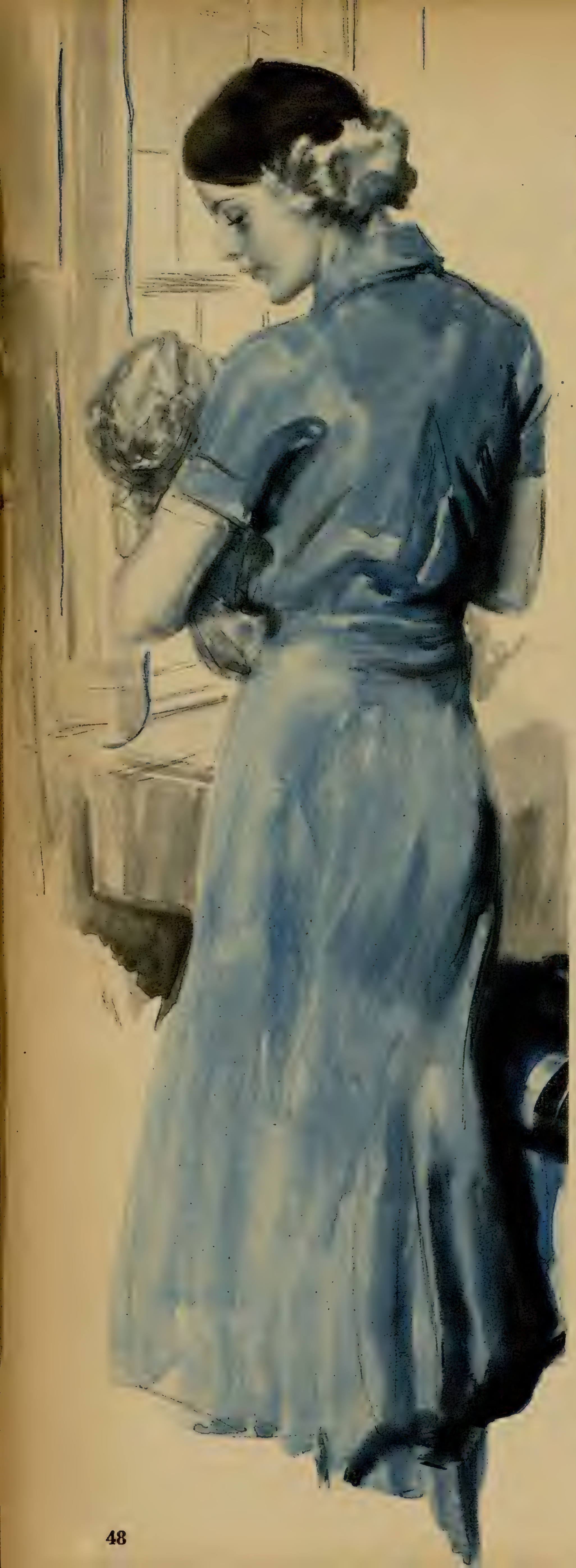
HERE'S a test of your knowledge of outstanding events in North American history as illustrated by notable paintings and drawings. The pictures above are the first of thirty which Liberty will reproduce in this series. To compete, simply cut out or trace these pictures with reasonable accuracy and identify each with a twenty-five-word, or less, statement on the historic event illustrated. Can you do it? Do you remember your history? Have you seen these pictures in print before? They have been reproduced numberless times. Perhaps you have a copy of one or two of them hanging in your own home. Many Liberty readers doubtless have.

By all means get into this patriotic game. You've nothing to lose and a substantial cash prize to gain. Why not try it? Even if you just miss rating a prize you will be well repaid in the review of historic high lights this series presents. And if you do win a prize it may be the $500 first award! Think of the thrill of receiving Liberty's check for that amount, or for the $200 second prize, or the $100 third prize. Aside from those there are numerous smaller awards, any one of which may eventually be mailed to you if you submit an entry.

When you have completed this week's section, save it and be on the watch for the second set which will appear next week. Do not send in anything until you have the complete set of thirty. Here's success!

SET NO. 2 OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

Contest copyrighted 1934 by Otto Kurth



Kay sobbed, "Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy!" and she

Bright

As Honest and Vital and Searching as Life Itself Is the Unexpected Denouement of This Vivid Modern Novel

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

JIMMY telegraphed directly after he had seen Mama and Leonard:

EVERYTHING ARRANGED SATISFACTORILY STOP WILL SEE YOU TOMORROW STOP BEST JIMMY

Kay was glad that they were sending him to get the baby. It would have been hard to face Mama, for Mama would have wailed and moaned and insisted upon full confession and repentance. And facing her it would have been necessary to watch every word lest one displease her and endanger the baby's future.

With Jimmy it would be different. She could trust him to understand without prying. She could trust him to see her grievous condition and to take for granted that she was sorry. At any rate they were sending for the baby. They had saved him from want and the attendant dangers of illness and death. She would not forget that they had done that. She would think of them differently now than ever before.

Jimmy came early the next morning. He had flown to New York, as she had expected he might do.

He walked to the bed and peered at the baby. "It's a cute youngster," he said. "What's his name?"

"Clyde." Then, "Clyde Bronson. Will they change his name to Walters?"

"I don't know. I dare say they won't care to advertise that he bears only his mother's name."

"That's right. I'd forgotten."

"Kay, they're angry at you."

"I thought they would be."

"They are very happy to take the baby. He will be taken care of as though he were Leonard's own child. But they are finished with you."

"I don't mind. I can take anything if I'm sure that he's well cared for."

"He will be. There's a nursery being furnished right now for him."

Kay was pleased. "After all," she said, "she is his grandmother. Blood is thicker than water, isn't it, Jimmy?"

He did not answer, for he was noticing the collapse of her Bronson logic. She was quoting the old proverb to illustrate the hold which the baby already had on Mama and completely overlooking the fact that Mama had virtually disinherited her daughter.

She said, "Do they ask no questions, Jimmy, concerning the baby's father?"

He shook his head. "They don't seem to consider anything except that the baby is yours."

"But that shouldn't particularly recommend him to Leonard."

Girl

by VIÑA DELMAR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"They are taking the child, Kay, and they are asking no questions. Why should you?"

She looked at him steadily for a moment, feeling sorely hurt by his cold reply. Suddenly she saw that he was here not because he was Jimmy and she was the girl from next door; not because he was her friend, but because he was the representative of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Walters. He was their lawyer.

Perhaps he sensed something of her thoughts. He said, "Yesterday I searched very carefully for something that would at least alleviate the unpleasantness of your condition, but I failed to find it. Your father managed to mess up his affairs so that everybody might prosper except the person he loved best."

"I don't care about money for myself," Kay said. "I never questioned, nor do I question now, Mama's right to every inch of property and to every penny that comes from it. She is welcome, and she will never hear from me except to ask about the baby's health."

He said, "I'm sorry, Kay. That's a stipulation. You must not write and question about the baby. They will neither read nor answer your letters."

"Oh, Jimmy, they must! I can't live unless I know that he is thriving."

He walked to the little window and gazed out at the back yards with their clotheslines and ash-cans. After a moment he said, "I'll write to you from time to time concerning him."

"Thanks, Jimmy. Have they made any more conditions?"

"No. It is understood that you are dead and that you will not write to them or seek to visit or see your child."

She looked over at the baby. He was warm and sweet and he was hers. They couldn't keep her from him. They had no right to make such conditions. Why because they had money could they pluck the heart from her breast and think nothing of her pain? Maybe the landlady would let the rent go another week, and in that week she would get work. But what would become of him if something happened to her? An orphanage and God alone knew what else. No, to flout Mama's conditions was throwing away the baby's heritage. She had no right to do that. She must willingly accept any and all conditions that assured his security.

"Yes, Jimmy, it's understood."

"All right," he said.

"Are you going to take him now?"

"No. I must get a nursemaid for him. I have instructions to hire one here so that she can take care of the baby on the train. Would you like to pick her out? I can't

was holding her baby in her arms.

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see any objection to it, and I don't think I'd be much good at making a selection."

"How much do they want to pay?"

"You know your mother. The best is none too good."

Yes, that was true. The mechanics of Mama's home had always run along on smooth wheels with the best servants at the engine. The baby was going to have the best of everything. What did the pain of parting matter when he was going to have so much?

"If I am dead, then the nurse mustn't know I'm his mother."

"We'll tell her nothing."

He watched her get ready for the street. It pained him to see that she put on her hat without once looking in the mirror. What had become of the other Kay Bronson? Where was the smart little sophisticate who had known all about love and romance?

He said crossly, "Put your hat on properly."

"Isn't it right?" She walked to the mirror.

"Oh, it's right, I suppose, but you didn't care whether it was or not. You'll have to revive some interest in yourself."

"Why?"

"Because it's one of the ideas with which we're raised, I suppose. You look so awful it startles me. You're thin and you have circles under your eyes and I can't excuse you for it. You knew that you could wire me any time you needed anything."

"Jimmy, you reach a place in life where you don't care about your looks."

"It isn't your looks that I care about except that they are indicative of your health."

"And I don't care about my health either. I don't care about living now that I know the baby's all right."

"You have to live. It's cowardly to give up."

"Oh, I'll live. You need never think that I'll give up. I'll live for those letters you're going to write me about the baby."

THEY rode downtown in a taxi. The baby slept in Kay's lap, and she did not speak to Jimmy, for she was storing up in her mind facts that would soon become memories: How the baby looked as he lay there. How it felt to know that he was where she could see him and touch him. These memories would have to do forever.

They went to an agency that Kay knew to be the most thorough and conscientious in town. She had never been registered there, for it was necessary to have six references from well established families in order to be included on their lists.

Kay hung back while Jimmy did the talking at the desk. It would never do for a shabby girl to inquire for a nursemaid. In all probability they would not even consider sending her people to interview.

Jimmy talked for quite a time, then they left the agency.

"They'll send people to the hotel at one o'clock," he said.

Jimmy took a suite at a hotel near by and had luncheon brought upstairs. Kay was ashamed of the delight she took in seeing a great thick steak and potatoes fried to a soft golden turn. She was surprised to find that when they were really set before her she could eat very little and that everything tasted like straw.

After luncheon she went into the bedroom and stood looking down at her baby. She thought, "I must have been wrong and I must have been bad, else I would not be punished so." And her tears fell down upon the blue woolly blanket, and she thought, "Here beside my child whom I must lose ends the story that began long ago when I decided I was smarter than anybody else."

Her tears fell faster and faster, and Jimmy did not go to her, for he had known all along that the story must have an unhappy ending and that she must read its bitter closing chapter all alone.

JIMMY was ready to leave on the midnight train. Kay had picked out a nursemaid with dazzlingly impressive references which were immediately verified. A dour Scotchwoman who had reared many a child and who knew nothing in the world except babies.

"She'll be good for three years," Kay whispered to Jimmy. "Then you can suggest that they make a change. But I think she'll be fine for him in his infant days. She looks fearful enough to rout the most persistent germ."

"I'm afraid of her myself," he said. "I won't dare to go anywhere near the baby on the train."

"Her name's Hackingwall. The baby will call her Nana," Kay sighed. "She'll become his whole world, and he'll love nobody except her."

Miss Hackingwall threw herself at once into her job and presented a list of things which she wanted for the baby.

"You can buy anything and everything you want for him when you get him home," Kay told her.

"But he has nothing, madam. Nothing at all. I must have these things for the train."

Kay looked helplessly at Jimmy. He said, "Yes, I guess he will need a few things, at that. Come on, we'll go get them."

They left the baby with the Scotchwoman and went out to do the shopping. Kay felt strange and lonely walking along with her arms so empty. They would be like this always now. It was hard to realize. She saw her reflection in the shop windows as she walked down Fifth Avenue; and she wondered what people thought who saw the dapper good-looking young man and this frowzy young woman. She saw trim, pretty girls and she wondered how many of them were sure they were too smart for life, how many of them would read the last chapter of their stories through scalding teardrops.

Jimmy followed her glance to the

shop windows and he, too, saw what she had seen.

“You have to get some clothes,” he said.

“I don’t care about clothes any more.”

“I wasn’t speaking of clothes from the standpoint of enjoyment. I meant that you have to get them in order to face the world again. You can’t get a job looking as you do.”

“I guess you’re right.”

“Can you get a job, Kay? Have you ever worked at anything?”

“Yes. I’m a nursery governess.”

He looked at her in surprise. “That’s how you knew so much about agencies?”

“Yes. I’ve had two positions, with references from each. I’m a good governess, Jimmy. Maybe you can get Mama to hire me later. Wasn’t it East Lynne where the woman came back and was hired to care for her own child?”

“It may have been. I don’t know. You amaze me. What ever made you become a governess?”

“Oh, it’s a long, uninteresting story. I only told you so you’d know that I can take care of myself.”

“But you’ll have to have clothes in order to get a job.”

“Yes, I suppose.”

They bought the things that the baby needed for the trip. Blankets and underskirts and binders and things even more intimate than that.

Kay said, “I have an idea the baby’s wardrobe is going to cost Mama a pretty penny when Miss Hackingwall really gets going.”

Jimmy smiled. “I have a feeling that she likes ermine perambulator robes and little luxuries of that type.”

Miss Hackingwall seemed to be satisfied with their purchases. She gave them a quick little wintry smile that showed she forgave them for baffling her. She was still wondering who, in relation to the baby, these people were.

“Are you going to the station with us?” Jimmy asked Kay.

“Yes.”

“Don’t you think it would be easier for you if you didn’t?”

“No. I’m going to carry him, Jimmy. I want to carry him. Don’t you see, I may never see him again.”

JIMMY studied the pattern in the rug for a long time without speaking. Then he said, “Kay, all your life you’ve done exactly what you wanted to do. Everybody has to take a tumble, Kay. When you get up after it you sit your saddle more gracefully and with more respect for the powers that be.”

She looked at him with angry flashing eyes. “You’re going to lecture me?” she demanded. “Anything you can say is a waste of breath. I’m paying for my mistakes with a quantity of suffering that no man on earth could ever know. Don’t try to tell me how bad I’ve been. You don’t know. I was worse than you can imagine—I must have been to deserve what I’m getting.”

“I wasn’t trying to lecture you, Kay. I was trying to comfort you. You’re not giving the baby up forever. Times change, you know. Hearts soften. If you pull yourself together and prove that you’re the girl your father thought you were—you can’t tell—”

She reached for his hand and held it tightly. “Jimmy, do you think—some day—”

“One never knows, Kay. I’m not promising. I’m in no position to promise; but I’ll be frank with you. I’ll tell you something. I’ll always know what you’re doing. You can’t fool me, and you ought to know that by now. I know you love that baby, but there have been women before who loved their babies, and I’ve seen them faint when it was proven in court that they were unfit guardians.”

“Jimmy, you don’t think—”

“I DON’T know. I haven’t made up my mind about you. Twice now I’ve seen you throw yourself away. If you do it again I’m going to pretty well make up my mind.”

“I’ve been through too much to do it again.”

“Women often say that.”

She smiled bitterly. “What can you know at your age about women?”

“It would seem to me that what I do or don’t know is beside the point. The point being that I may have some influence with your mother and some day my yes or no may make a difference to you.”

“You wouldn’t say no, Jimmy.”

“Wouldn’t I? Kay, you’re standing at a place now upon which your whole future life depends. You can rise from here or you can sink. If you sink it’s because you’re not worth much, and it’ll prove to me that you’ve done a lot of dramatizing this afternoon about your baby.”

“Dramatizing!”

“Yes, dramatizing; for if you love that child you’ll be a different girl than you have been. Only morons are without will and uncontrollably self-indulgent. You’re no moron, so if you don’t behave, it’s because you just don’t care.”

“And if I do behave, Jimmy? If I work and study and show that I’m worth something, will they let me see the baby some day?”

“I don’t know. I can’t say.”

“It will be something to hope for.”

In parting she took the hundred dollars which he offered. She took it without hesitation and without assuring him that it was merely a loan. The time was gone for such empty niceties. She might never get a job. One never knew.

She carried the baby into his stateroom and kissed him good-by. Miss Hackingwall was no longer in doubt as to what relationship the shabby young woman bore to the baby. Any one could tell now. She walked out into the narrow corridor and stood there for a minute or two. Even a dour Scotchwoman has her moment of understanding.

Kay came out of the stateroom.

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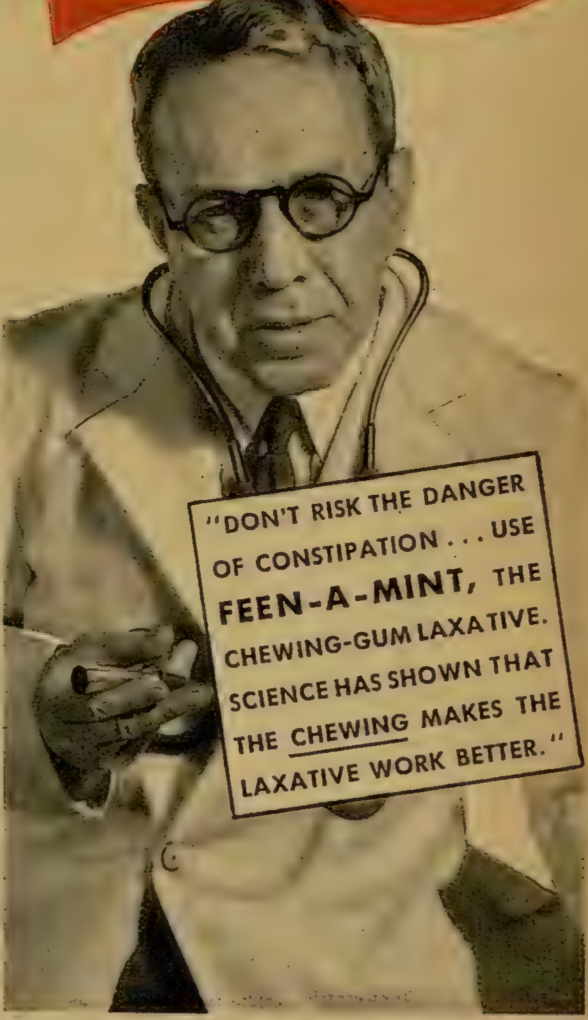

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She said, "Good-by, Miss Hackingwall. Good luck."

"Good-by, madam." A pause. A dry cough. Then, "I'll be very good to him, madam."

"Thank you. Good-by."

Kay got off the train. Jimmy was on the platform. They stood together silently. She thought of the night in the garden. That long-ago night that had been her wedding eve. What a road she had traveled since then! She thought of how Jimmy and she had stood together and cried. They had cried because they were no longer children, although they had not known then that that was their reason.

She looked at him and saw a tall young man with a purposeful chin and a pair of clear blue eyes. He was strong and clever and logical and he cried no more.

"All abo-oard!"

"Good-by, Jimmy. Don't forget you promised to write."

"Good-by, Kay. I won't forget." He jumped on the train and a moment later she saw him at his window. They waved, and with a sudden hot rush the train had pulled away into the darkness with her baby on board. She had a mad impulse to scream. A crazy desire to throw herself beneath the train wheels. The baby was gone. Gone! Dear Jesus, how does one bear such a separation? How is it done?

Jimmy was remembering her standing calm and white outside his window, a forlorn little child, thin and red-eyed, with run-down heels and a rain-stained hat.

He was not too strong and clever and logical to cry.

She went to a beauty parlor, and she dressed herself from head to foot in new clothes, and she moved downtown, and she got a job.

She took the first job that came along. She became governess to the daughter of Muriel Grex, the musical-comedy star. The child was a bright-eyed little brat who was perfectly sure that the world existed for her and for her only. Her mother had not yet told her that the world in reality existed only for her mother.

Miss Grex had been raised in a Brooklyn tenement and had become the darling of New York via the chorus and three millionaires. She knew all about servants.

Her secretary told Kay that Miss Grex must be called "madame." Under no circumstance did you ever address her as Miss Grex.

Kay was amused but acquiescent.

"And," said the secretary, "she has forgotten your first name. What is it?"

"Kelvin."

"That is what she will call you. She dislikes calling employees Miss anything."

Kay laughed aloud. "Ask madame to call me Bronson, then, will you? I don't like the name of Kelvin."

The secretary said, "I'll ask which she prefers."

The child, Babette, had been fed largely on bonbons and peanuts during the last régime. She was scrawny and restless. She was also insolent as the former governess had been afraid to punish her.

Kay set about reforming the child. It was uphill work but she was glad of the battle, for it kept her mind off herself. Miss Grex would spend a week coddling and spoiling her child, then perhaps for two weeks she would completely ignore her. During the periods when Babette was being ignored Kay got in her best work, for it was then that she could stick to a rigid routine of proper diet and exercise.

BABETTE'S favorite threat when given an order was, "I'll scream."

The obvious reply from the governess, "Go ahead."

Then, "If I do, mother will come and throw you out."

That had been enough for some governesses.

There had been an afternoon when Kay's modern soul had conquered her savage desire to spank Babette. For punishment she had ordered the child to bed.

"I'll scream."

"Go ahead, scream."

"If I do, mother will come and throw you out."

"Will she, really? Let's see. Do scream, darling. I've never heard you scream."

Babette screamed—a high, shrill, bloodcurdling scream that brought her mother running through the apartment attired only in the scantiest of scanties.

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

"Babette is screaming because I've ordered her to bed for punishment."

"What did she do?"

"She threw her entire luncheon, plate and all, at your secretary."

"You mustn't do that, honey. You're a naughty girl. There, now, go to bed." Miss Grex glanced at the clock. "I've got a matinée to make." She retreated swiftly.

Kay had known that the show must go on and that precious Babette couldn't be left alone. And that was the end of the screaming.

The governess had a pleasant room in the Grex apartment, and night after night Kay sat in it and looked at the four walls and did her thinking. There were many things to think as she sat alone, her arms aching with their emptiness, her heart heavy with regrets. Why couldn't it be her baby in that next room instead of Miss Grex's spoiled darling? Why did some women have everything and others nothing?

IN an earlier day Kay's conceit would have answered her question. It would have said that Miss Grex's weak mentality was unequal to a struggle, so fate had spared her. The puzzles passed Miss Grex by and offered themselves only to a mind that was capable of solving them. But Kay's conceit offered no answer now. She knew now that she was not smart enough to think up answers.

Ofttimes she thought of Daddy as she sat in her room at night. She remembered him as he had been on that long-ago evening in the purple dusk when the Robinson girl had fallen over the veranda rail. He had been frightened and he had called, "Is that you, Kay?" Swiftly she had answered him that it was not she.

But now it was different. If he called to her she must say, "Yes, Daddy, it is I." And he would pick her up and hold her in his arms and cry for her bruises and her pain. He would say, "There, darling, you'll be all right." And he wouldn't once say, "It was your own fault," for he would know that she knew it was and that the time had passed for cruel and useless words. He would rebuild the enchanted city with its silver spires and he would let her play in it with little Clyde. And with this thought, Kay would pace the room, for it was impossible to sit still and remember all that she had lost.

Sometimes she thought of her writing and was bitterly amused. Why had she thought she could write? Because she knew how to speak English? God, the conceit of youth was amazing!

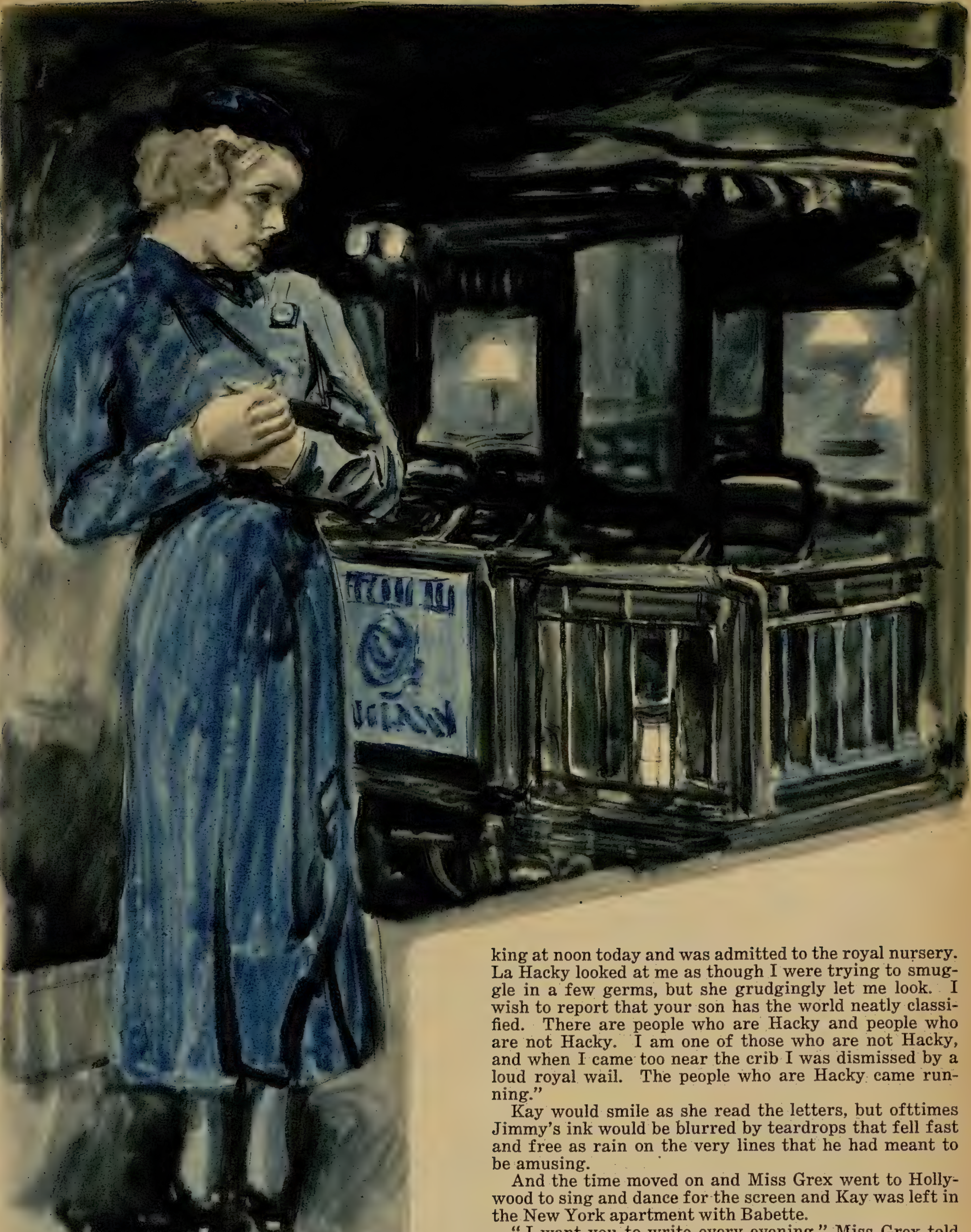
She remembered the girl who had seriously wondered just which profession she would enter. It seemed unbelievable now that the girl who had carelessly considered the stage, medicine, law, dentistry, and writing was herself. Bronson the governess. And she *was* a governess. There was no nonsense about it now. It was her work, her living. It was no longer a helpful, pleasant pastime from which she would move on to greater things.

She never thought, as she sat in her room, that she had once been the most envied girl in town. She never thought of the smooth well fitting clothes she had worn and the sparkling heels on her favorite slippers, nor even of the books she had loved. She thought only of a tiny baby who was hers and who was far away and lost to her. He had come and he had gone and left behind him a woman with a sore and bleeding heart and no reason for living except the letters that came concerning him.

Jimmy wrote, "I understand that the nurse is a jewel and that she loves him in that good old way that you read about in books. You know the Scotch-nurse character who would die for her charge? The baby gains in weight and looks like a rose. He is pink-cheeked and bright-eyed. I saw him last night. He is well, and I assure you that he is dearly beloved."

And he wrote, "Your child sits up and surveys the world from a most expensive perambulator. Miss Hackingwall is as proud as Punch as she walks down the street with him, and she should be, for he is the healthiest baby in town and beyond a question the most beautiful."

And later, "Just a line to say that I visited the little



She had a mad impulse to scream. A crazy desire to throw herself beneath the train wheels. The baby was gone!

king at noon today and was admitted to the royal nursery. La Hacky looked at me as though I were trying to smuggle in a few germs, but she grudgingly let me look. I wish to report that your son has the world neatly classified. There are people who are Hacky and people who are not Hacky. I am one of those who are not Hacky, and when I came too near the crib I was dismissed by a loud royal wail. The people who are Hacky came running."

Kay would smile as she read the letters, but ofttimes Jimmy's ink would be blurred by teardrops that fell fast and free as rain on the very lines that he had meant to be amusing.

And the time moved on and Miss Grex went to Hollywood to sing and dance for the screen and Kay was left in the New York apartment with Babette.

"I want you to write every evening," Miss Grex told her at the train. "I have to know how Babette is doing. If you miss a night, then telegraph me, or I will worry about her."

Kay said, "I will write every night. I know you will worry."

Miss Grex came back from Hollywood and found a daughter who had profited by her absence. Babette had gained weight and had had most of the insolence taken out of her. Miss Grex was moved to compliment Kay on her good work. She did it with a bonus instead

It isn't the heat . . .

IT'S THE FUMIDITY!

IT'S a swell word to describe the gas-attack of that dreadnaught pipe. Webster prints it and says "obsolete"—passed out of use. The young lady caught one whiff and passed out without saying even that much.

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of words, and Kay was grateful.

However, Kay had plans. She had worked for the Grexes over a year. Her baby was sixteen months old. He was walking. He had a vocabulary of eleven words and Jimmy said that you could even understand three of them. She wanted to see the baby. She wanted to see him so much that a fever of impatient longing seized her when she thought of him.

She wrote to Jimmy and asked him to beg for her. She said, "I will not come in the house. Have them tell the nurse to bring him to some particular corner where I may stand and look at him. Mama and Leonard need not see me or even hear from me. Please, Jimmy. I need that tiny glance at him. I need it so badly that I wake up nights tortured by the thought that everybody can see him and admire him except me. Where would be the harm in my just standing quietly on a corner and looking at him?"

He wrote back at once. He said, "Everything is going well with the baby. I have never lied to keep your spirits up. He is as healthy and as beautiful as I have told you. I thought that knowledge would sustain you for a few years, but perhaps I thought that because I am a man and can never completely understand your feelings. If you must see him, then you must see him. Nobody could be heartless enough to read your letter and keep the baby from you. Trust me to arrange things. Wire when you arrive. Will meet you."

And so she came back again to the town where she was born, although she had said to Jimmy Kerr, "I don't think there's anything on God's earth that's ever going to make me come back." She came joyously, for she would see her child. Her eyes glimmered with expectancy and excitement. Before she had glimpsed Jimmy in the crowd at the station he had sighted her and had seen the chin up, the shoulders trim and square but robbed forever of their young arrogance.

He ran toward her. "Kay!"

"Jimmy!"

He took her suitcase and helped her into his car.

"How is he, Jimmy? Do they know I'm coming? Are they satisfied for me to see him?"

"Yes, you'll see him. Let me look at you. You look fine."

SHE laughed because it was easy to laugh now. Suddenly the sky was blue again and the birds were singing.

"Hurry, Jimmy. You're poking along."

"No, I'm not. Do you want me to fly?"

"Yes, fly. Will I be able to see him right away?"

"Yes, I think so."

She felt a curious weakness at the sight of the Bronson house. She imagined stage fright must be like that. Your knees turned to water, your heart pounded, and your head swam dizzily.

"There it is!" she cried. "Jimmy, you're driving past it! Where are you going?"

"To my house. There are some things I must tell you."

"Can't they go till later?"

"No. They concern your seeing the baby."

She had a moment of terror. Would they stop her from realizing her dream? She felt that she must fall dead of disappointment if this brief look at her son were denied her.

She walked into his house. His mother came to her with outstretched arms and Kay burst into sudden tears. Mrs. Kerr was so good, so unwilling to sit in judgment on any one. This was Kay whom she had loved, and nothing could change that fact.

"Welcome, Kay. It's good to see you."

KAY clung to her, feeling very young and very grateful for the warm embrace. Life had taken away the familiarity of a welcome and had made warm embraces sweet strange phenomena.

Then Mrs. Kerr was gone and Jimmy stood looking down at her.

"Tell me quickly what you must tell me, Jimmy. I agree to anything and everything just so I may see the baby. What is it?"

"Kay, I hardly know how to begin. I—"

He was interrupted by a sound which Kay had heard in her dreams, a sound which had haunted her and had played upon her brain with a will-o'-the-wisp persistence. Somewhere in the big house a baby had cried.

Jimmy said, "Well, that's what I was going to tell you. Come on."

Together they ran up the stairs and down the corridor, across Mrs. Kerr's sitting room, and into the right-wing front room. Kay ran into a tall spare figure in the doorway. A figure in stiff white that murmured, "How do you do, madam?" and bowed and disappeared.

Miss Hackingwall.

Kay sobbed, "Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy!" and she was holding her baby in her arms and looking at the nursery and at the surprised expression on the little face and at Jimmy, who was walking out of the room and leaving her alone with heaven.

Later, when they sat together in the library, he said, "You see, there was nothing else to do. When you telephoned me from New York I went at once to your mother and Leonard and put the proposition to them. They flatly refused and said they never wanted to see or hear of you again. That isn't quite true. Your mother said nothing. Leonard did the talking. She cried but that was all. And they wouldn't take the baby. Then I came to my mother with the proposition, and she was tickled to death. You see, she'd only had but one baby and had never gotten over the shock of him growing up."

Kay smiled. "You're good, Jimmy."

"No, as a matter of fact I was

rather a dog about the affair. I could have saved you a lot of pain but I didn't do it. I went through it with you vicariously and it took a lot of will not to give in and take you with me that night I left New York. Kay, I put you through a lot. Too much for you perhaps to ever forgive, but I had to do it. It was in the cards that you had to take a hell of a bump. It was coming to you."

"I know."

"Maybe it was nervy of me to pick myself out as your appointed judge, but I had to know what you were really made of. And it was time you knew yourself. This year has given us the answer."

"Why did you take the baby, Jimmy? Why on earth should you do that for me?"

"Because you're the girl from next door—the girl I loved."

She looked away from him.

"Kay, I'm the sap that always stands by and watches other men walk up and take the girl he wants. I'm the dependable big brother who picks up the pieces and waits."

"And waits till the girl has made a mess of her life and is no longer the person he loved?"

"No. That time would never come, Kay. I know you now. I've got you all figured out at last. You'd marry me out of gratitude and you'd be loyal and true, but I'm not that much of a sap. I won't be married out of gratitude."

She said, "I wouldn't repay your kindness in such meager coin."

"Yes, you would. You'd do anything I asked because I've taken care of little Clyde. But I was never what you wanted. I wasn't dashing or bold or anything except Jimmy, the big, brotherly sap, and maybe that's all I'll ever be. I don't know. It doesn't really matter, I guess. You're the important one. Not me. And you've taken your bump like a thoroughbred, so I'm going to give you a chance to stay with your baby."

"Jimmy, that would be all I want in life."

"Well, it's yours for the asking. We have a room for you. My mother would be glad to have you and you can stay here. You'll always need something to keep your questing mind busy, so you can study."

"Study what?"

He said, "You can study stenography and bookkeeping. Does that insult your mentality?"

"No. Why should it?"

"It shouldn't, but one never knows. You can study it, and if you make good you can be my secretary."

She held out her hand. "Jimmy, I'm going to be the best and most dependable secretary any lawyer ever had, and maybe some day I'll be everything else you ever wanted. Who knows?"

"Nobody," he said. "We can hope, and in the meanwhile here's your home, and your baby's upstairs, and there's always me wishing for your happiness."

Her eyes filled with new and sudden tears.

He said, "Well, I have to get back to the office. See you later." And swiftly he left the room.

For a moment she sat lost in thought, then she rose from the chair. She walked upstairs. She would ask Hacky for just one more look at the baby before she went to unpack.

As she passed through Mrs. Kerr's sitting room she saw a photograph of Daddy that had been given long ago to Mr. Kerr. She paused before it and whispered, "People who don't have faith in mankind." Then Kay Bronson walked on to the nursery.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **FIDDLER'S COIN** by Jane Abbott. J. B. Lippincott Company.
Chris and Linda give themselves one year to gain new experience to help with their writing. It is not a success. Linda goes "arty," and Chris learns something astonishing about himself.

★ ★ ★ **FOUR GENERATIONS** by Naomi Jacob. The Macmillan Company.
Emanuel Gollanez is in the antique business which he carries on from the older generation. He loves his beautiful young wife; he also loves an opera singer. He is charming; the story is interesting.

★ ★ ★ **MATADOR** by Marguerite Steen. Little, Brown & Company.
The story of Don José, once among the greatest of the bullfighters of Spain —of his three sons, and the tragedy of them all. Highly colored, interesting, and well done.

★ ★ **THE HUNDREDTH MAN** by Cecil de Lenoir. Claude Kendall.
Autobiography of a man who fought the drug habit and won. Interesting study of various drugs and their effects.

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Vox

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

LET THE MOST EFFICIENT COUNTRY WIN

HOUSTON, TEX.—I am a master mariner of our merchant marine. Mr. Gerard's article America Must Defend Herself, in a recent issue of Liberty, paints a pretty picture of a busy America isolated by a tariff wall amounting to an embargo on foreign trade. Very good. But the day that policy goes into effect I will become a smuggler, and all the nation's law forces cannot prevent me from landing cargoes of cheap shoes, light globes, and countless other merchandise. We sailors will at last get a break.

It seems to me that history has repeatedly proved that artificial barriers and subsidies are no substitutes for free trade. The smuggling of liquor during prohibition would be petty larceny alongside of what an embargo on cheap commodities would develop. First of all, the home manufacturers would raise prices higher and higher. That would make smuggling increasingly more profitable until half the country would be smugglers and the other half custom officers. Legitimate business would come to a standstill in short order.

Mr. Gerard claims that our efficient factories are failures because our workers maintain a higher standard of living than other nations' workers. In other words, it pays to make coolies and serfs out of laboring men. Such rot! True efficiency means the maximum production per man employed, whether it be farming, digging ditches, or making shirts. And, quality being equal, the world-trade demand is for the cheapest goods. The whole world admits that the American workman turns out the most goods per man.

Then why isn't the article he produces also the cheapest the world over? The answer has nothing to do with coolie labor.

If the currencies of all the nations were on the same gold-value basis the workers of these nations would be on the same wage scale. And the most efficient would turn out the cheapest goods, provided raw materials were available at the same cost to each. America has the raw materials, the efficient labor, and the factories to produce and serve the world as well as herself. When Roosevelt cut the gold value of the dollar to fifty-nine cents we all took a long breath and waited for the crash. Then we found that it didn't make any difference except that business was a little better. I think it was Walter Lippmann who said that the trouble would be that we would want to make another gold cut on the dollar every time business got slack. As a result we would lose our foreign loans.

I say the foreign loans are gone anyway. So let's cut the gold dollar to a par with European values. Except for a few articles which we must import, our living expenses would remain the same, as we are a self-contained nation. Tear down our tariff walls, revoke our ship, cotton, wheat, and other subsidies, and let the most efficient country win. American tourists will then see America first through necessity. The Georgian princes will leave us and go to the land of the Hottentots, where a gold dollar is a gold dollar, to do their marrying. American laborers, farmers, and traders will get an even break for the first time and the machine will become a blessing instead of a thing of horror to our nation.—*Iron Mike.*

[If "Iron Mike" will send us his name and street address, we will send him a check for $25 as the author of this Four-Star Letter.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay $25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*

★ ★ ★ ★

CORN MEAL, BACON, AND MOLASSES

DALLAS, TEX.—Bernarr Macfadden maligned a great section of the United States when he editorially declared in June 30 Liberty:

"We should be careful, however, to avoid the complications which many Northern people think are essential to the so-called American standard of living as far as food is concerned. This standard shifts to an extraordinary degree. In the South the cotton farmers thrive on corn meal, bacon, and molasses—and nothing else."

In the first place, the American standard of living is as high in the South as it is in any other section of the nation—perhaps higher. As to food standards, because of the greater available supply in the South, if you searched for fact you would find the South leading other regions.

Texas is to celebrate its centennial in 1936. Between now and that time you should make a motor tour of the South and spend a month or more in Texas. It is time New Yorkers—particularly magazine editors and publishers—discovered America!—*Al Hill.*

MRS. RINEHART DISCOVERS MR. GARDNER

ERIE, PA.—I see by the papers that Mary Roberts Rinehart, who is a darn' good writer of mystery novels herself, knows what's what among her contemporaries. She has taken with her on her sea voyage a copy of Erle Stanley Gardner's The Case of the Howling Dog.

Yes, sir, she knows good ones. And just think—we Liberty fans read that grand novel as a Liberty serial months ago, and now we're eating up a novel that even Mrs. Rinehart herself could be proud to have written—The Case of the Curious Bride. That boy Gardner tops the heap!—*Doris Dunellen.*

DIDN'T DICK SAY HE WAS ON THE SPOT?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I thoroughly enjoyed Dick Williams's article on Primo Carnera (June 23 Liberty). Although Carnera's defeat has taken a little from the public's former interest in the big Italian, the article contained all the real human interest one could ask for.—*Paul Schwegler.*

[Mr. Schwegler was an All-America tackle at the University of Washington for two years and considered one of the greatest linesmen ever developed in American football.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

ALL FOAM—NO BEER

ROANOKE, VA.—Working one of Liberty's Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles is like drinking the foam off your beer and not finding any beer underneath it. Before my brain starts working good the puzzle is finished. Do something about this, won't you?—*Mrs. A. L. Turnbull.*

"STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN!"

LITCHFIELD, ILL.—As a past president of the Litchfield Woman's Club, I want to express my appreciation of the fine articles on safe driving by Tom A. Burke which are appearing in Liberty. Our district president hopes to inaugurate a Stop, Look, and Listen movement in the American home department of all clubs with which we are affiliated.—*Claire Porterfield Bennett.*

OR, ON THE OTTER HOUND

GLACE BAY, N. S.—In Princess Kropotkin's To the Ladies! recently I was amused to read that Dorothy Parker had an otter hound equipped with a tail suitable for building "dams." Otters are useless in this regard. The only animal we have in Canada capable of this marvelous performance is the beaver.

Perhaps this is one of Miss Parker's jokes.—*C. B. Ross.*

LETTERS AND HOT SHOTS

FORT WORTH, TEX.—In days when serious things so beset us, turning to Vox Pop with its clear penetrating humor and sparkling sarcasm is as refreshing as a sudden breeze.

The "spouse" and I agree (for once) that when folks from all sections pour in sprightly letters and hot shots as earnest, readable, and amusing as those in Vox Pop, it must be apparent to any one with the sense that God gave a rooster that this country has not gone to hell and that it still has a majority of fine upstanding citizens who are not to be licked by a depression or anything or anybody.—*Shelburne DuMont.*

Pop

IS YOUR WIFE A "MISS"?

LEWISTON, IDA.—Liberty championed repeal. Vox Poppers waxed eloquent and had much to do with " settling " that issue. Now, Vox Poppers, I submit another reform for your consideration. Why should the wife of John Jones be Bonita Yohnseeng (Miss, if you please) simply because she cavorts before the camera? I'm ag'in' these actor folks or any one else being accorded the Miss, once they've taken upon themselves the Mrs.!

Just let your wife try to attach a Miss to her cognomen and see what happens. —*Edward Poffenberger.*

TEN-FOOT POLE

ALTADENA, CALIF.—Such an editorial as A Business Manager for the National Government? in June 23 Liberty should not be overlooked by any honest well meaning citizen of the United States. The entire effort of the present administration has been confined to the farmer, and he certainly needed assistance. But what better means could be adopted for his assistance than encouraging a free hand in the pursuance of commercial enterprises? — which are suffering as never before with threats of interference that would justify any man of brains and experience in not touching it with a ten-foot pole.—*P. H. Hovey.*

WHY NOT STRIKE AT THEM?

ALTADENA, CALIF. — Strikes everywhere! Why not one in the munitions factories and the poisonous-gas laboratories? That kind of strike might prepare us for peace!—*Margaret Brown.*

HIGHER TAXES, OR—

WASHINGTON, D. C. — The new federal housing program is expected to produce results by fall in the producer goods industry. But I am rather skeptical of the ability of many people to borrow, even at the reduced interest rates. Our business system is based on debt (credit) and crashed on that account. Bigger and better debts for the government and the individual do not seem to me the way out. I am concentrating, myself, on getting out of debt and staying out. It is a policy which I think should be followed by either individuals or the government.

I don't think you can simultaneously run both government and citizens into debt, and where individuals owe the government you always have the political factor in repudiation—that is, the individual defaults to the government, while the government's obligation to the individual bondholder is regarded as sacred. Hence higher taxes, or else monetary inflation.—*J. F.*

CRAMMED WITH DOLLAR BILLS

WHITE ROCK, B. C.—You should be hanged, drawn, and quartered. By your infernal money carrot, the Four-Star Letter, you have supplanted a department of real humor with a collection of bookish letters that should be signed " Uriah Heep."

Alas, the laughing Voice of the People is no more! Its mouth has been crammed with dollar bills.—*C. A. Jones.*

BUT DID YOU MEET THE CANNIBALS?

FRANKLIN, OHIO—John Lebar's Cannibal's Choice (June 2 Liberty) was, according to my taste, the best short short you have ever published. But this is what gets me: He tells about a laundry-truck driver who was an ex-sailor and could calk a boat. I am an ex-sailor and have calked many boats. Mr. Lebar says that his laundry-truck driver had a star tattooed on the back of his right hand. I have a star tattooed on the back of my right hand.

Now, to cap the climax, the laundryman in the story was holding a dress shirt for a man who had owed him a bill for a long time. As soon as I finish this letter I am going out to collect for a dress shirt a fellow has owed me for six weeks!—*C. M. Watkins.*

HYPOTYPOSIS

NORWOOD, MASS.—It seems too bad, when H. C. Mencken does write a sensible article (June 16 Liberty), he should spoil it by an unsavory remark. Perhaps, though, he cannot help it. With Schoolhouses in the Red, as a whole, I am in hearty agreement. But I am unwilling that his ungracious reflection on the " young schoolma'ams " of former days should pass without a protest. Mr. Mencken's desire to display his power of hypotyposis has allowed his egotism to run away with his better judgment. —*H. L. M. Pike.*

HARMFUL TO PEACE?

DETROIT, MICH.—On the inside front cover of June 30 Liberty is an advertisement calculated to impress your readers with the terrible cost in human lives of the World War. It obviously is intended to say that nearly 20,000,000 soldiers were slain.

But even if one assumed that the pictured column marched only during daylight hours, the advertisement estimates more than 10,000,000 perished. And that's an unmitigated lie, the publication of which is harmful to the cause of real peace. Why can't you stay within the bounds of truth? Heaven knows there are real arguments against war. Use some of them.—*Dean E. Ryman.*

ASTRONOMY AT "FAIR HARVARD"

WINTER HAVEN, FLA.—I want to corroborate John S. Wolfe's correction (July 14 Vox Pop) of the correction made by Ira Watson in June 9 Vox Pop to an answer given to one of Liberty's Twenty Questions. Mr. Watson claimed that the planet Pluto required more than three thousand years for one revolution. As Mr. Wolfe stated, the time required for the revolution is about 250 years.

Mr. Watson added to his signature the words " Harvard Union." I don't know whether this " union " is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor or is a railroad station or some new kind of underwear. Since his letter was dated Cambridge, Massachusetts, it may be that he is connected with Harvard University. If so, I am wondering if Mr. Watson's brand of astronomy is the sort that is handed out at " Fair Harvard." —*D. C. George.*

GO NORTH, YOUNG MAN— GO NORTH

BROWNWOOD, TEX. — Say, Liberty, you've touched almost everything from wars to politics. You've told us what we can do. You've told us rather well that we mustn't commit suicide in May. You've advocated our becoming healthy specimens. But then what? This is all fine, but we want something definite.

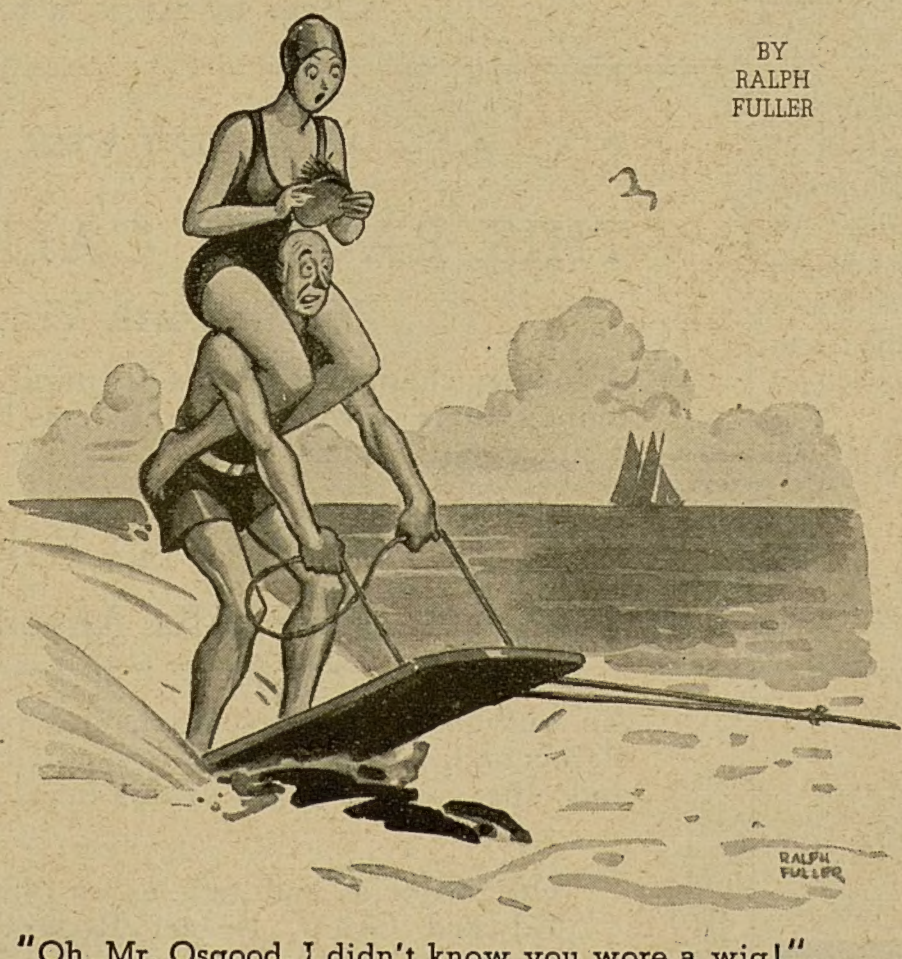
Something like doing instead of waiting. Couldn't we, the youth of America, colonize Alaska, or are we too weak-kneed?

I believe it would and could be made possible.

I believe that a movement to Alaska would do for America what the movement westward did in the last century.

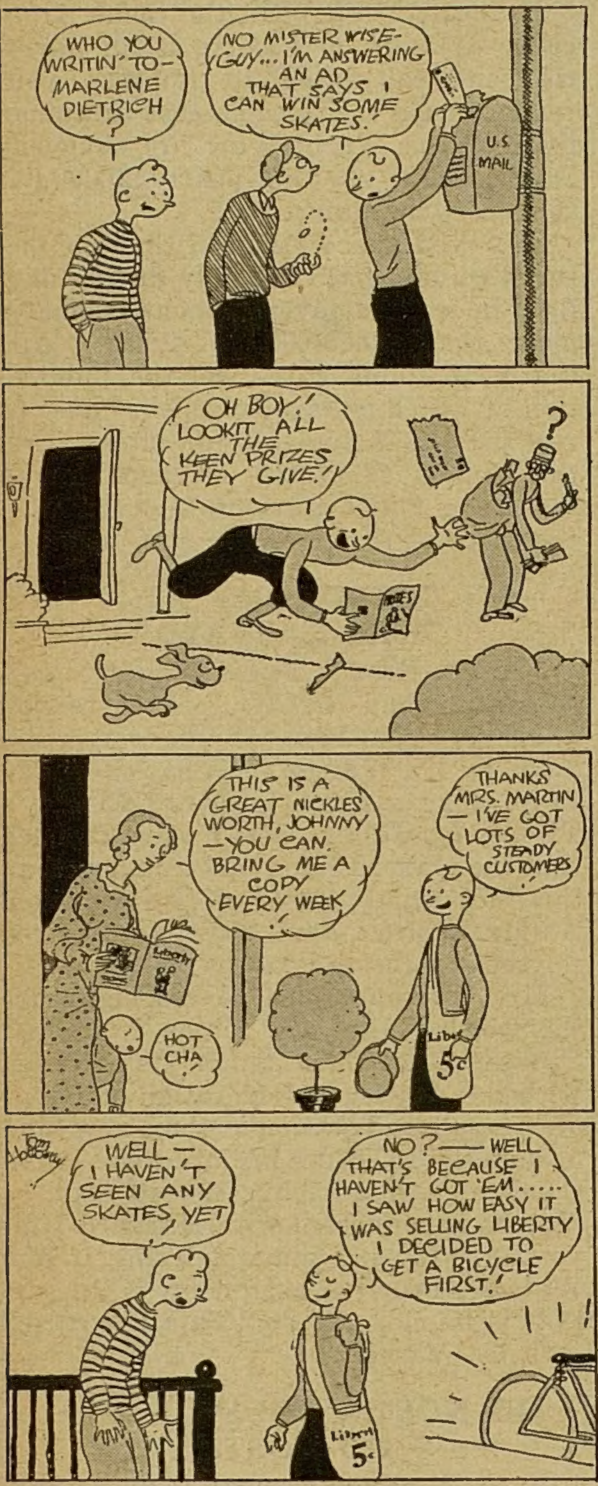
I believe that we could earn a living and at the same time satisfy the fires of youth and adventure that are filling the prisons and roads of our America.—*H. E. Patterson.*

BY RALPH FULLER



"Oh, Mr. Osgood, I didn't know you wore a wig!"

Johnny Wideawake
« changes his mind »


WHO YOU WRITIN' TO— MARLENE DIETRICH?
NO MISTER WISE-GUY... I'M ANSWERING AN AD THAT SAYS I CAN WIN SOME SKATES.'
U.S. MAIL
OH BOY! LOOKIT ALL THE KEEN PRIZES THEY GIVE!
?
THIS IS A GREAT NICKLES WORTH, JOHNNY —YOU CAN BRING ME A COPY EVERY WEEK.'
THANKS MRS. MARTIN —I'VE GOT LOTS OF STEADY CUSTOMERS.'
HOT CHA.'
Liberty 5c
WELL— I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SKATES, YET
NO?—— WELL THAT'S BECAUSE I HAVEN'T GOT 'EM..... I SAW HOW EASY IT WAS SELLING LIBERTY I DECIDED TO GET A BICYCLE FIRST.'
Liberty 5c

How would you like to be able to choose a bicycle, a pair of skates, or any of the more than 350 prizes shown in our big illustrated catalog? All you have to do is mail in the coupon below, just as Johnny did, and we'll send you a catalog *Free* and also full information as to how you can win prizes *and make money too!*

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★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

THIS RACKET CALLED TENNIS

By Ellsworth Vines, Jr.

A former champion speaks his mind on favoritism and the money angle in what, he says, "has laughingly been called a simon-pure game."

CHINA TALKS BACK

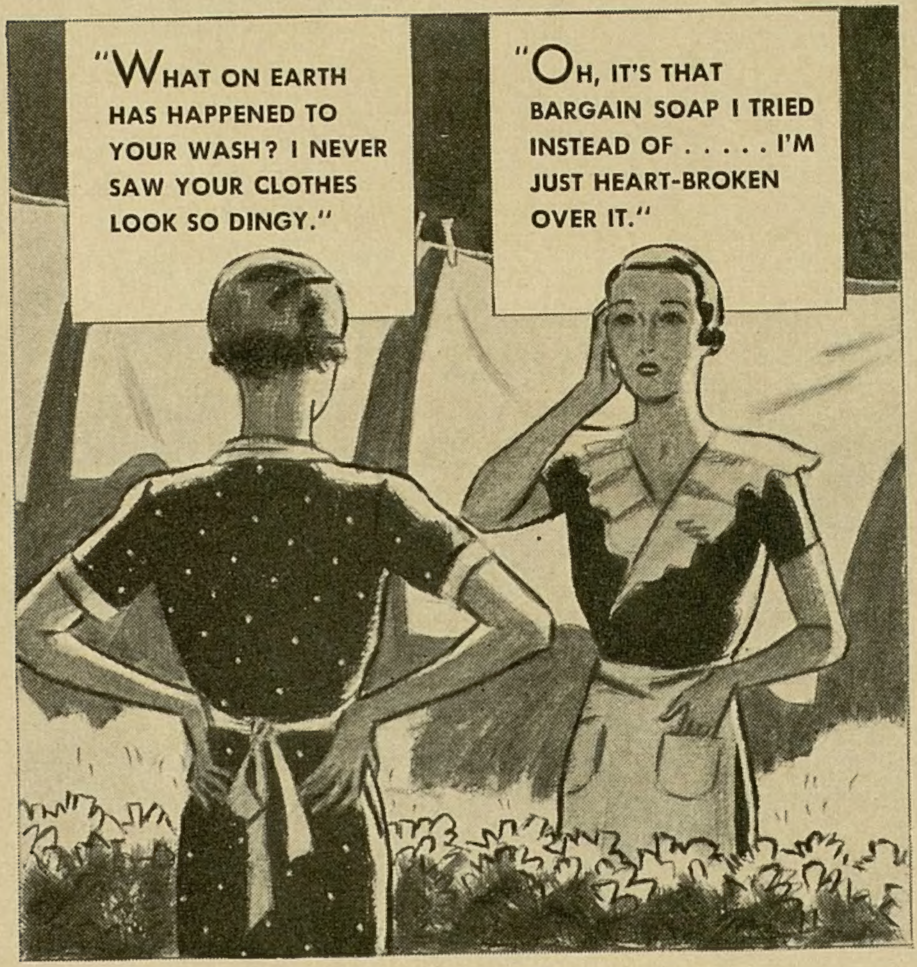
By Sao-Ke Alfred Sze

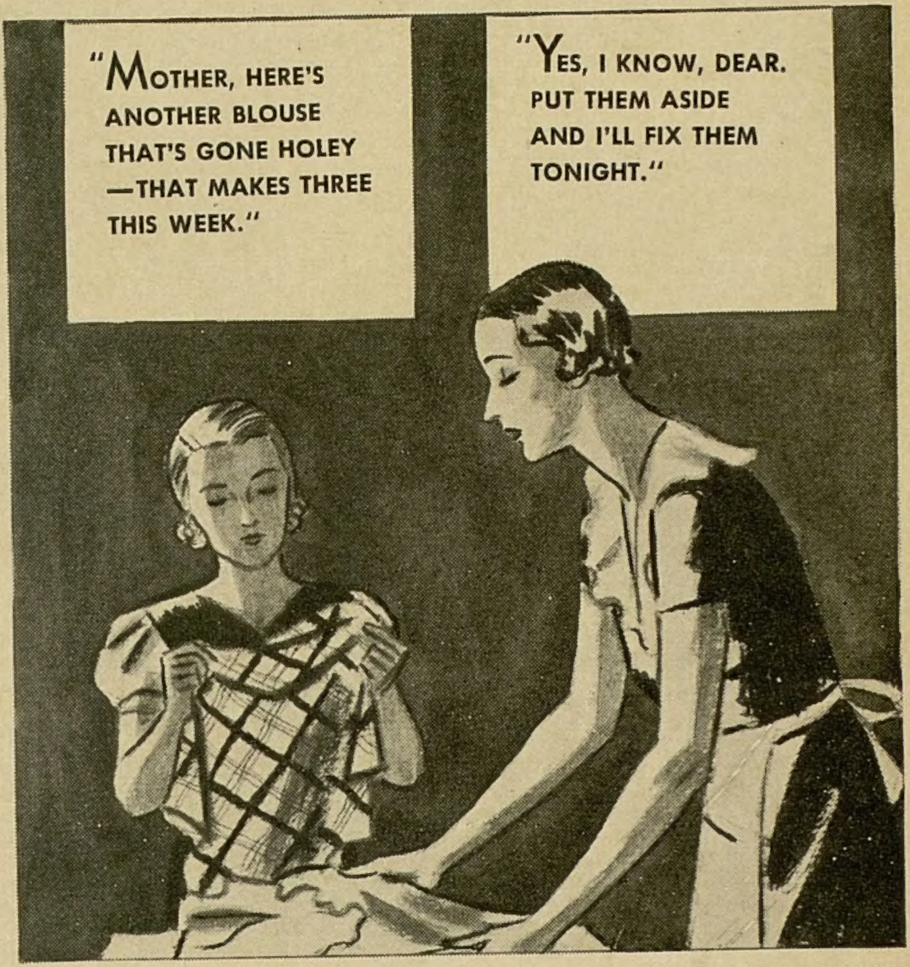
Chinese Minister to the United States

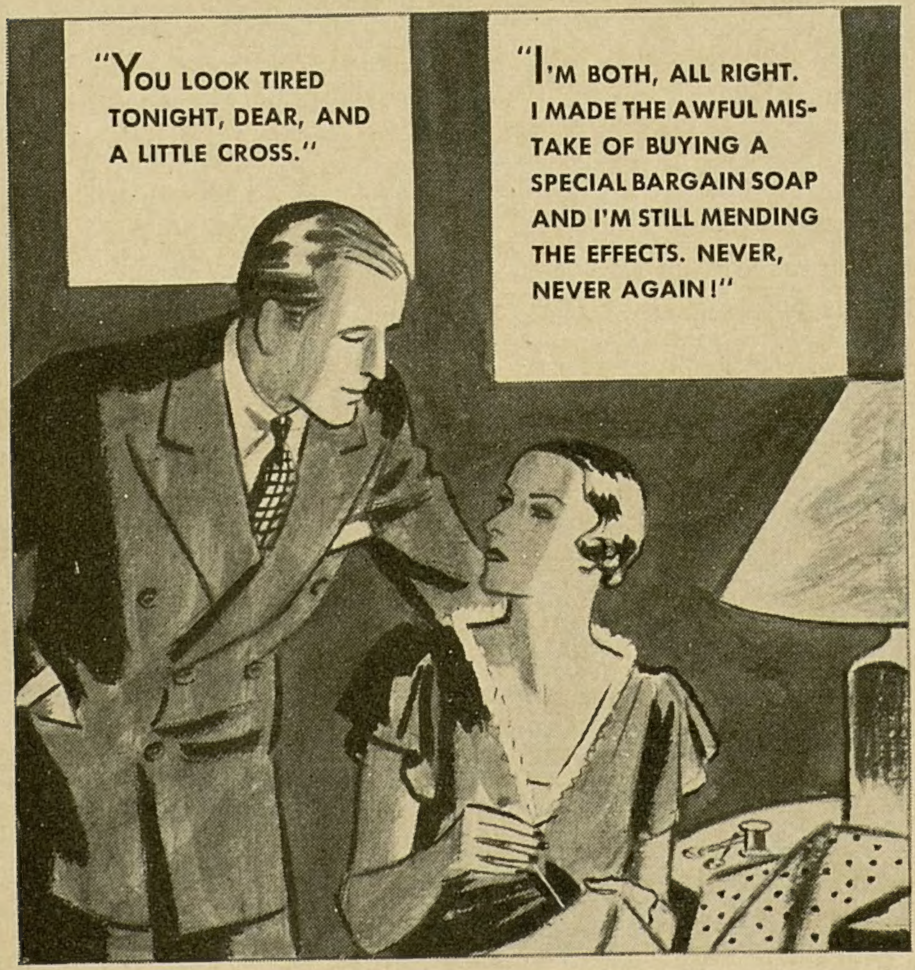
An authoritative, outspoken, and revealing reply to the claims of Japan as recently presented by Yosuke Matsuoka and others in the pages of this magazine.

Other stories and articles by Philip Wylie, James Edward Grant, Bogart Rogers and Frank M. Dazey, Donald Furthman Wickets, and others

It Happens
TO THE MOST CAREFUL BUYERS!


"WHAT ON EARTH HAS HAPPENED TO YOUR WASH? I NEVER SAW YOUR CLOTHES LOOK SO DINGY."
"OH, IT'S THAT BARGAIN SOAP I TRIED INSTEAD OF . . . . . I'M JUST HEART-BROKEN OVER IT."


"MOTHER, HERE'S ANOTHER BLOUSE THAT'S GONE HOLEY —THAT MAKES THREE THIS WEEK."
"YES, I KNOW, DEAR. PUT THEM ASIDE AND I'LL FIX THEM TONIGHT."


"YOU LOOK TIRED TONIGHT, DEAR, AND A LITTLE CROSS."
"I'M BOTH, ALL RIGHT. I MADE THE AWFUL MISTAKE OF BUYING A SPECIAL BARGAIN SOAP AND I'M STILL MENDING THE EFFECTS. NEVER, NEVER AGAIN!"

It's Cheaper
TO BUY PRODUCTS OF PROVED QUALITY

- Too often, the "bargains" you see on untried products are bargains in name only. Too often, the "special price" is the reflection of inferior ingredients and workmanship. Too often, the trifle you save is lost many times over in the damage the article does.

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FROM DIVING—

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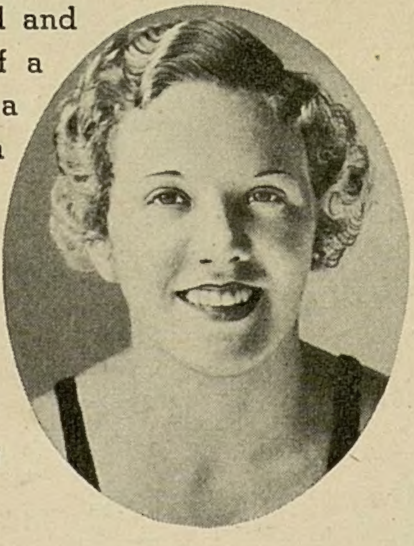
GEORGIA COLEMAN

OLYMPIC DIVING CHAMPION



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CAMEL'S Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves

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